

THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF HOFFMAN

OR

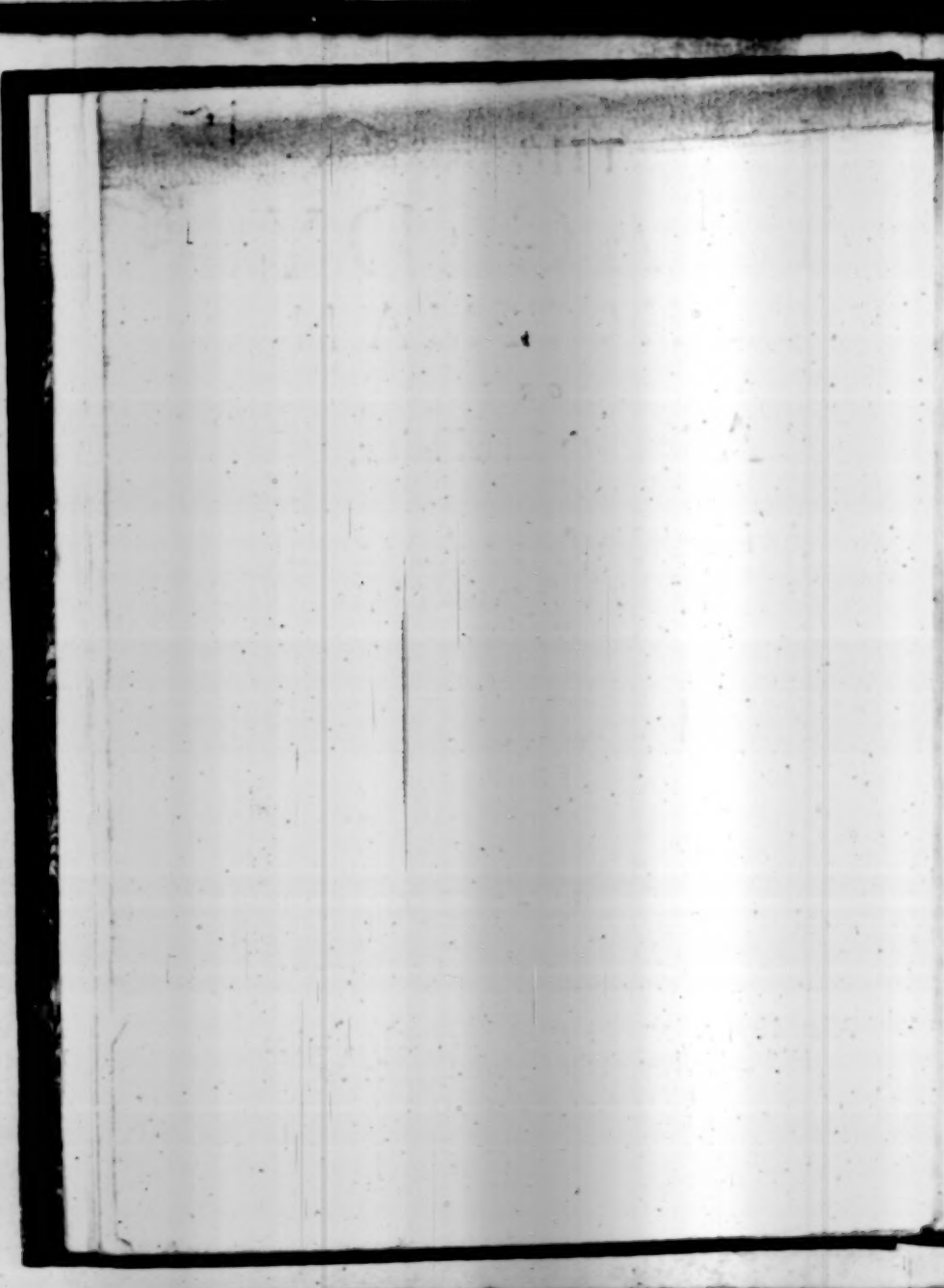
A Reuenge for a Father,

As it hath bin diuers times acted  
with great applause, at the *Phenix*  
in *Druery-lane*.



LONDON,

Printed by J. N. for *Hugh Perry*, and are to bee  
sold at his shop, at the signe of the *Harrow*  
in *Bristaines-burse*. 1631.





# TO HIS MVCH

Honored Friend, Master

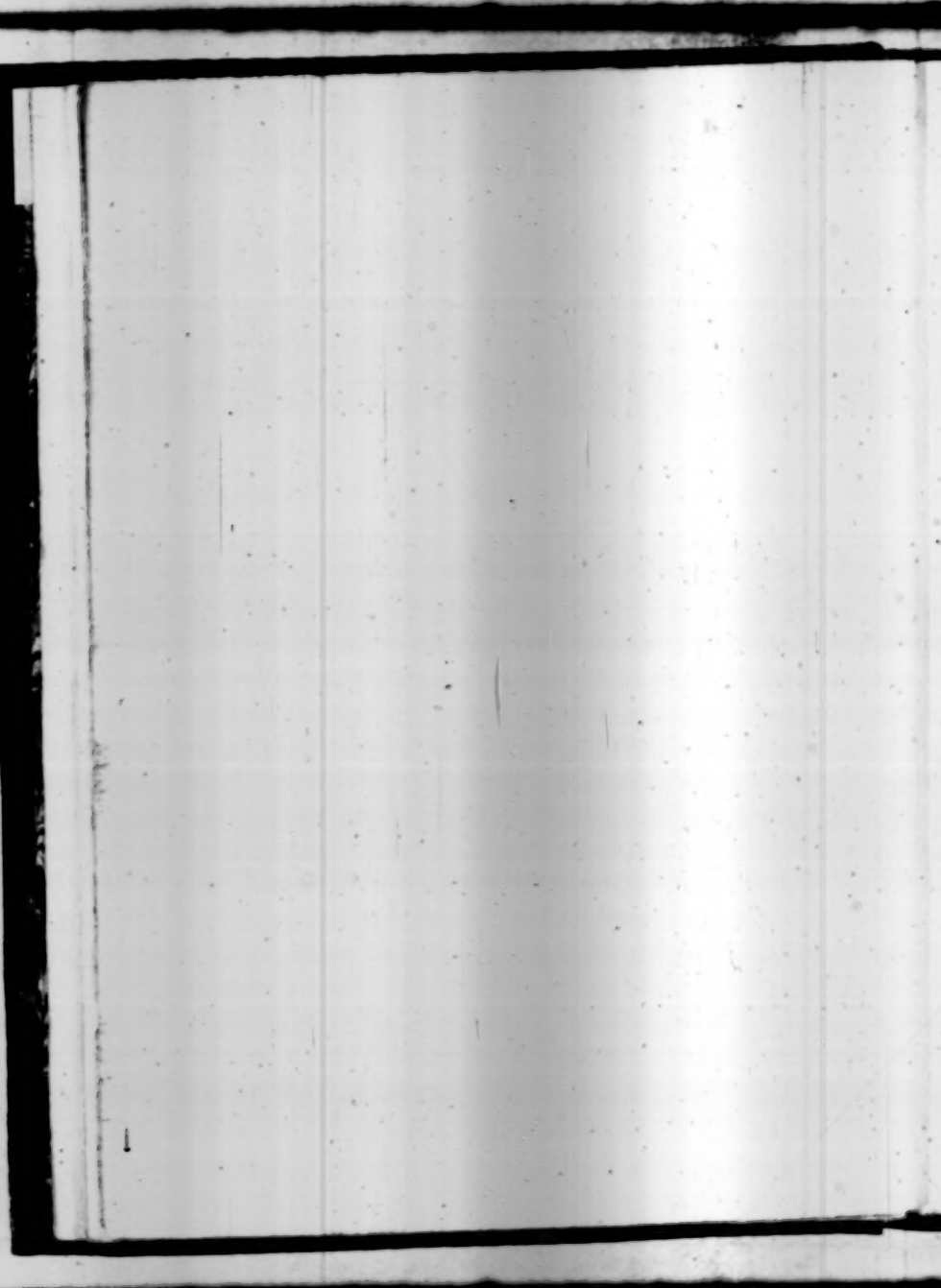
*Richard Kiluert.*

*Sir*

**K**now you, and in that your worth, which I honour more, then greatnesse in a Patron: this Tragedy hapning into my bands, I haue now aduentured it vnto the Presse, and wanting both a Parent to owne it, and a Patron to protect it, am fayne to Aēt the Fathers part, and haue aduentured to addresse it vnto your Worthy selfe; vnder whose wings it flies for a new birth: it hath passed the Stage already with good applause, and I doubt not, but from you it shall receiue a kinde welcome, who haue alwaies bin a true Fauouer of Artes and Learning; and from your selfe I haue receiued so many noble curtesies, that I shall alwayes rest

Yours to command

HUGH PERRY.







## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Enter Hoffman.

Hoffman.

**H**ence Clouds of melancholy  
He be no longer subiect to your fumes,  
But thou deare soule, whose nerues and artires  
In dead resoundings summon vp reuenge,  
And thou shalt here, be but appeas'd sweete hearse  
The dead remembrance of my liuing father *strikes ope a curtain where ap-*  
And with a hart as aire, swift as thought *peares a body.*  
I'll excuse iustly in such a cause  
Where truth leaderth, what coward would not fight  
Ill acts moue some, but myne's a cause is right *thunder and lightning.*

See the powers of heauen in apparitions  
And sight full aspects as intened  
That thus rary am to doe an act  
which iustice and a fathers death exites,  
Like threatening methors antedates destruction. *thunder*  
Again I come, I come, I come,  
Bee silent thou singies of faire virtue  
That like a goodly sycen wear't pluckt vp  
By murderous, winds, infectious blasts and gusts

B

I will

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

I will not leaue thee, vntill like thy selfe,  
I'ue made thy enemies, then hand in hand  
Wee'le walke to paradise — againe more blest  
Ile to yon promonts top, and their suruey,  
What shipwrackt passengers the belgique sea  
Casts from her fomy entrailles by mischance.  
Roare sea and winds, and with celestially fires,  
Quicken high projects, with your highest desires.

### *Enter Lorraine.*

*Lo.* Yet this is somewhat like, but brambles, you are to busie, were I at *Luningberge*, and you catcht me thus, I should goe nere to aske you at whose suit, but now I am out of sent, And feare no seruaunts, for I thinke these woods and waters are common wealthes that need no such subiects nay they keepe not a Constable at sea, but a man ouerwhelmd without order. — Well, dry land I loue thee, though thou swarme with millions of deuourers, yet hast thou no such swallow as the sea.

*Hoff.* Thou yest, there liues vpon the earth more beasts  
With wide deuouring throates, then can bee found  
Of rauenous fishes in the Ocean:  
The huge *Leuiathan* is but a shrimpe  
Compar'd with our *Balen* on the land

*Lo.* I am of your mind; but the Whale has a wide mouth  
To swallow fleeing waters, and poore fish,  
But we haue *Epicures* and *Cormorants*,  
Whom neyther sea, nor land can hardly serue  
They feed them fat, while armes and honour starue,  
Deart lookes pale as death, like those bare bones.

*Lo.* Ha — amaze,

*Hoff.* Seest thou them trembling, slaue heere were *Armes*?  
That seru'd the troath lesse state of *Luningberge*.

*Lo.* So doe I sir serue the dukes sonne of the state,

*Hoff.* Ha, ha, I laugh to see how dastard feare  
Hastens the death doomd wretch to his distresse,

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Say didst thou serue the duke of *Luningberge*,

*Lo.* His sonne *O the* sir, I'me a poore follower of his  
And my master is ayring of himselfe at your Cell,

*Hoff.* Is he that scapt the wracke young *Luningberg*?

*Lo.* I sir, the same sir, you are in the right sir.

*Hoff.* Reuenge I kisse thee, vengeance y'are at liberty,  
Wouldst thou hauing lost a father as I haue,  
Whose very namedissolues my eyes to teares  
Could duty and thy loue so different proue,  
Not to auenge his death whose better part  
Was thine, thou his, when he fell part of thee  
Fell with him each drop, being part thine owne  
And wouldst not be reveng'd;

*Lor.* Yes on the murtherer,

*Hoff.* On him, or anie man that is aſſied  
Has but one ounce of blood, of which hees part  
He was my father, my hart still bleeds  
Nor can my wounds be stopp'd, till an incision,  
I'ue made to bury my dead father in:  
Therefore without protraction, ſighing, or excuses  
Sweare to be true, to ayd assist me, not to ſturre  
Or contradict me in any enterpriſe  
I ſhall now vndertake, or heereafter.

*Lor.* I ſweare.

*Hoff.* Were I perſwaded that thou couldst ſhed teares,  
As doth the Egyptian ſerpents neere the Nile;  
If thou wouldst kisse and kill, imbrace and ſtabbe,  
Then thou ſhouldst liue, for my inuictiue braine  
Hath caſt a glorious proiect of reuenge  
Euen as thou kneel'st, wilt thou turne villaine ſpeake.

*Lor.* Oh ſir when was I otherwiſe, from my creation nothing  
eſſe, I was made of no other ſtuffe, villany is my onely patri-  
mony: though I bee an irreligious ſlaue, yet I beare a religious  
name, though I want courage, yet in talke, I'll put them all  
downe, though I haue nothing in me that is good:  
Yet I'll —————

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Hoff.* Forbear thy Lord is comming ile go in  
And royally provide for such a Prince,  
Say thou hast met the kindest host alue,  
One that adores him, with no lesse zeale  
Then rich in gold, or true religious heauen  
Dissemble cunningly, and thou shalt prooue  
the minion of my thoughts, friend to my loue.

*Exit.*

*Lor.* Well sir ne're feare me, this is an excellent fellow  
A true villaine fitter for me then better company,  
This is Hance *Hoffmans* sonne.  
that stole downe his fathers Anotamy from the gallowes at  
*Leningberge*, I tis the same vpon the dead scull ther's the iron  
Crowne that burnt his braines out, what will come of this, I  
neyther know nor care: but here comes my lord.

*Enter Otho.*

How chers my most noble, my most honorable, my most  
gracious; yea my most grieued prince.

*Otho.* A fearefull storme

*Lor.* And full of horror.

*Otho.* Trust me *Lorrique* besides the inlie griefe  
That swallowes my content when I perceiue  
How greedily the feirce vnpyting sea, and waues,  
Deuour'd our friends another trouble greewes my vexed eyes  
With gashtly apperitions, strange aspects  
Which eyther I doe certainly behold  
Or else my soule deuining some sad fate  
Fills my magiuary powers with shapes  
Hidious and horrid.

*Lor.* My lord let your hart haue no commerce with that  
Mare of idle inaginations, rouse vp your noblenesse  
To apprehend comfort, kindnesse ease and what otherwise  
Entertain'd so solitary a place as this, can the  
Antient subiect of the state of *Leningberg* collect  
Tis I take it the sonne to that Viz-admirall that  
Turn'd a terrible pirate.

*Otho.* Let vs turne backe into the sea againe

*Yealding*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Yea!ding our bodies to the ruthles sound  
That hath diuided vs and our late friends  
Rather then see choyce *Hoffman.*

*Lor.* Courage braue *Otho*, hee'l vse thee kindly.

*Enter Hoffman.*

Heere he comes, sweete host here is the dukes heire of  
Leningberge doe homage and after entertaine him and me his  
Follower with the most conspicious pleasures  
That lies in thy poore habity.

*Hoff.* Before I speake to my most sacred Lord  
I ioine my soft lipps to the tolld earth  
And with an honourd bennison I blisse  
The hower, the place, the time of your arrive  
For now my sauadge life, lead amongst beasts  
Shalbe turn'd ciuill by your gracious helpe

*Otho* I see thy true hearts loue droppe downe in teares  
And this embrace shewes I am free from feares  
My disturb'd blood runnes smoothly through my veines  
And I am bold to call thee friend, bold to intreate  
Food for by wrack I haue lost ship, friends and meat.

*Hoff.* You that attend my Lord enter the caue  
Bring forth the homely Cakes theis hands prepar'd  
While i intreat his excellence sit downe  
Villaine bring nothing but a burning Crowne.

*Exit.*

*Otho* What's that thou bidst him bring, a burning Crowne

*Hoff.* Still you suspect my harmlesse innocence  
What though your father with the power state  
And your iust vncle duke of *Brusla*  
After my father had in thirty fights  
Fill'd all their treasures with fomens spoyles  
And payd poore souldiors from his treasury  
What though for this his merrits he was nam'd  
A prescript out law for a little debt  
Compeld to sue into the Belgique sound  
And liue a pirate.

*Otho* Prithee speake no more

Thou

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Thou raysest new doubts in my troubled heart  
By repetition of thy fathers wrongs

*Hoff.* Then hee was wrong'd you graunt but not by you,  
You vertuous gentleman  
Sate like a iust Iudge of the vnder-shades,  
And with an vnchang'd Rhadamantine looke,  
Beheld the flesh mangled with many scars  
Par'd from the bones of my offended father  
And when hee was a bare anatomy,  
You saw him chain'd vnto the common gallowes,

*Otho Hoffman.*

*Hoff.* Nay heate me patiently kind Lord  
My innocent youth as guilty of his sinne,  
Was in a dungeon hidden from the sunne,  
And there I was condemn'd to endlesse night  
Except I salt my vow neuer to steale  
My fathers fleshles bones from that base tree  
I know not who it was, I guesse your mother,  
She kneeld and wept for me, (but you did not)  
Beseeching from that vow I might be freed  
Then did I sweare if Nations forraigne power  
Compel'd me to take downe those naked bones  
I neuer would release them from those chaines  
Neuer intombe them, but immediately  
Remoue them from that gallowes to a tree  
I kept mine oath; looke *Luningberg*; tis done  
Behold a father hang'd vp by his sonne

*Otho* Oh horrible aspect murderer stand off  
I know thou meanst mee wronge

*Hoff.* My Lord behold these pretious twines of light  
Burnt out by day eclips'd when as the sunne  
For shame obscur'd himselfe this deed was done  
Where none but schrich owles sing, thou receptracle  
thou organ of the soule;  
Rest, goe rest, and you most louely Couplets  
Leggs and armes reside, for euer heere

This

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

This is my last farewell, what doe you weepe?

*Otho* Oh *Lorrique* I am betrayd, slave touch me not

*Hoff.* Not touch thee? yes, and thus trip downe thy pride.

You pla'et my father in a Chaire of state:

This earth shall bee your throne, villaine come forth

*Enter Lorrique.*

And as thou mean'st to saue thy forseit life,

Pixe on thy Masters head my burning Crowne,

While in these Cords, I in eternall bands

Binde fast his bate and coward trembling hands.

*Otho* *Lorrique*, art thou turn'd villaine to my life.

*Lor.* He turne any thing sir rather then nothing, I was taken  
life promist to betray you, and I loue life so well, that I would  
not loole it for a Kingdome, for a Kings Crowne, an Empire.

*Hoff.* On with the Crowne.

*Otho* Oh tortor aboue measure.

*Hoff.* My father felt this paine, when thou hadst pleasure.

*Otho* Thy father dyed for piracy.

*Ho.* Oh peace, had he bin indge himselfe, he would haue shew'd

He had bin clearer then the Christall morne!

But wretches sentenc'd neuer finde defence,

How euer guiltlesse bee their innocence,

No moie did hee, no more shalt thou, no ruth

Pittied his winter age, none helps thy youth.

*Otho* Oh *Lorrique* tortor, I feele an *Aetna* burne

Within my braines, and all my body else

Is like a hüll of Ice, all these *Belgique* seas

That now, surround vs cannot quench this flame

Death like a tyrant seazeth me vnawares,

My sinewes shrinke like leaues parcht with the sunne

My blood dissolues, nerves and tendons fayle

Each part's disioynted, and my breath expires

Mount soule to heauen, my body burnes in fire.

*Lor.* Hee's gon.

*Hoff.* Goe let him come *Lorrique*

This but the prologue to the ensuing play.

The

## The Tragedy of Hoffman,

The first step to reuenge, this scene is donne  
Father I offer thee thy murderers tonne.

*Exeant,*

*Florio.* Enter Ferdinand, Rodorick, Lodowick, Mathias,  
Lucibel, Ierom, Stile, attendants.

*Ferd.* Princes of Saxony and Austria,

Though your owne wor's are of sufficient weight  
To iustifie the honorable losse borne by Lodowick to bright  
Yet since your parents liue and as I heare *(Lucybell,*  
There is betwene them some dissention,  
I haue vs not for detaining you thus long  
Till we had notice how the businesse stood

*Lodo.* Your royall entertaine great Ferdinand,  
Exceeding expectation in our stay,  
Bind vs to thanks, and if my brother please  
To hold his challenge for a Turnament  
In praise of *Lucybellas* excellence,  
No doubt our father and the *Austrian* duke  
Will be in person at so royall sport.

*Ferd.* We trust they will.

*Rodo.* I doe assure your grace  
The *Austrian* and the duke of Saxony  
By true report of pilgrimes at my cell  
From eyther of there courts set hetherward  
Some sixe dayes since.

*Ferd.* Thanks Rodorick for this newes  
They are more welcome then the sad discourse  
Of *Lenningberg* our nephewes timeles wrake  
Which addeth sorrow to the mourning griefes  
Abound in vs for our Dutches death.

*Ie.* I truly Princes, my father has had but hard lucke since your  
comming to his court, for ought I know you are bred of ill  
weather, come before you are sent for, yet if my most gracious  
father say you are welcome, I his more gracious sonne take you  
by the hands, though I can tell you my mothers death comes  
somewhat neere my heart, but I am a prince, and princes haue  
power



## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

power more then common people to subdue their passions.

*Mat.* We know your worthinesse is experienc't in all true wisedome.

*Ier.* True, I am no foole, I haue bin at *Wittenberg*, where wit growes.

*Ferd.* Peace thou vnshapen honor, my states shame,

My ages co. siue, and my blacke sinnes curse,

Oh hadst thou neuer bin, I had bin then,

A happy childlesse man, now among men,

I am the most vnhappy, one that knowes

No end of mine, and of my peoples woes.

I tell you Princeesse, and most gracious maide;

I doe not weare these fable ornaments

For *Isabel's* death, though she were deare,

Nor are my eyelids ouertowne with teares,

For *Otho* of *Luningberg*, wrackt in the Soan,

Though he were all my hope: but heer's my care,

A wretched foole must needs be *Prussias* heire.

*Ier.* Well, and you were not my father, — snailles, and I

would not draw rather then put vp the foole, would I

might neuer winne this lady at tilt and tournament: as

Knights, I defie you both, for her; euen you *Lodowick*, that

loues her, and your brother that loues you: looke to

me, *Stilt*, and I haue practis'd these two dayes: if snailles god

forgiue me to swaie, she shall not be carried away to.

*Mat.* We are glad to heare your grace so resolute.

*Ier.* As I am a Prince, and a Dukes heire, though I say it

my selfe, I am as full of resolution as the prowdest of you

all

*Luci.* I thanke Prince *Lodowick* he ha's bound my youth

To bee the conquerers prize, and if my starres

Allott me to be yours, I will be proud,

For how soere you seeme not fashioned

Like mee, and cunning Courtiers; I protest,

By some small loue I beare thee in mine eie,

Your worthy beautie, wealth and dignity.

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Lor.* Heart you would not vnhoise Hercules for her father, ile practice againe at Dantzike, you say in the Dukes meade; ile meete thee *Mathias*: ther's my goue. For a gauntlet, though my father count me a foöle, you shall finde me none. *Exit.*

*Ferd.* Would I might neuer find thee any thing,  
For thou indeede art nothing in esteeme,  
My sad soule sinkes with sorrow at thy sight.

*Enter Lorrigne.*

*Lor.* Health to the right gracious, generous, vertuous,  
and valorous *Ferdinand* Duke of Prussia.

*Ferd.* Hermet dost thou not know this young mans face?  
I'ft not *Lorrigne*, that met vs at thy cell  
With letters from our brother *Lunningberg*?

*Rodo.* It is that gentleman.

*Lor.* I am no lesse.

*Ferd.* thou sayd'st thou wast my nephewes playfellow,  
Appointed to await his vertuous person,  
How is it then thou wert so ill aduised  
To take the land away, and forsake thy Lord?  
Whom I haue neuer scene, nor neuer may,  
Though in his life my hope and comfort lay.

*Lor.* Be it knowne right gracious: *Lorrigne* had neuer so little grace, as to leaue his loued lord for weather or water, for torture or fire, for death or for life, since I first came to moue in a pilgrims proportion; much disguised, being so proper a man: but onely for those sixe words; that I was sent wholly to giue notice of his coming.

*Ferd.* But thou hast left him now sunke in the sea.

*Lor.* I left the ship sunke, and his highnesse sau'd, for when all hope had left Master and pilot, sailer and swabber, I caus'd my Lord to leape into the cocke, and for feare she should be sunke with too much company; I caper'd out, and cut the cable: rowse, quoth the ship against the rocks, roomier cry I in the cocke, my Lord wept for the company: I laugh to comfort him; last by the power of heauen,  
good

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

goodnesse of Starrs, kindnesse of winds, mercy of the waues,  
our cocke and wee were cast a shore vnder Reethopscurre,  
we clamberd vp, but hauing scap't drowning, were in dan-  
ger of killing.

*Ferd.* What there betided you?

*Lor.* Marry m. Lord a young villaine, sonne of a damn'd  
pirate, a mayd ransher.

*Ferd.* Be briefe, what was he?

*Lor.* *Clois Hoffman.*

*Fer.* Oh my heart! did the false rebell hurt his soueraignes  
sonne?

*Lor.* Noe my Lord, the prince so hought and host him,  
that he had no other helpe but to his heeles, and then I, my  
good Lord, being roe footed, outstript him in running, tript  
him by strength, and in fine, finely cut's throat.

*Ferd.* Where is the villaines body?

*Lor.* Marry euen heaued ouer the scarr, and sent a swim-  
ming toward Burtholme, his old habitation; if it bee not  
intercepted by some Scale, Sharke, Sturgeon, or such like.

*Ferd.* Where is our nephew?

*Lor.* He intends to stay at the same hermitage, where I  
saluted your excellence, with newes of my lords excellen-  
cies intent, to visite you; 'or that his apparrell is some-  
what sea-sicke, and he wants shift.

*Ferd.* A charriot, and rich robes attend *Lorrique.*  
And his reward, be thirtcene hundred dollers,  
For he hath driuen dolour from our heart.  
Princes, and Princeesse, in your kindest loue,  
Attend our person to the hermitage,  
where we shall meete the heire of two great States,  
Rich *Luningberg*, and warlike *Prussias*,  
*Otho* liuing, wee'l disinherit our fond sonne:  
And blesse all Dantzike, by our sonne elect,  
Hermet you haue at home, a guest of ours,  
Your little cell, is a great princes court;  
Had you bin there to entertaine young *Otho*,

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

He would haue tooke your welcome thankfully,  
Where now he mournes, for want of company.

*Rodo.* I will goe on before my gracious Lord.

*Ferd.* Nay I am ieaious of my approaching ioy,  
And fearefull, any eye but mine, should gaue  
The pleasure of my glad diuining soule;  
Forward come all, in my delight take part,  
He that's now glad, addes ioy to gladnes heart.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Clois Hoffman.*

If there liue ere a surgeon that dare say  
He could doe better: Ile play Mercury,  
And like fond Marsias flee the Quack-saluer:  
There were a sort of filthy Mountebanks,  
Expert in nothing but in idle words,  
Made a daies worke, with their incision kniues  
On my opprest poore father: silly man,  
Thrusting there dastard fingers in his flesh,  
That durst not while he liued, behold his face;  
I haue fitted my anatomy  
In a faire chaine to; father this youth scorn'd  
When he was set in an ascending throne,  
To haue you stand by him; would he could see,  
How the case alters, you shall hang by him,  
And hang afore him to, for all his pride,  
Come image of bare death, ioyne side, to side,  
With my long iniur'd fathers naked bones;  
He was the prologue to a Tragedy,  
That if my destinies deny me not,  
Shall passe those of Thyestes, Tereus,  
Iocasta, or Duke Iasons ieaious wife;  
So shut our stage vp, there is one act done  
Ended in *Othos* death; 'twas somewhat single;  
Ile fill the other fuller, if *Lorrique*,  
That I haue late sworne to be murders slaue,  
Sweares hee will protest me to be *Othos*,  
Who in *Praxilla* his vncle vnknowne loues;

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

If I be taken for him well : Oh then !  
Sweet vengeance make me happiest of all men :  
*Prussia*, I come as comets against change:  
As apparitions before mortall ends ;  
If thou accept me for thy nephewe, so ;  
Vncle, ile vncle thee of thy proud life.  
Father farewell, ile to the hermitage,  
Where if I be receaued for *Lunsingberg*,  
I will haue thy drie bones, fanguin'd all or'e  
With thy foes bloud, *Rhamnusia* helpe thy priest,  
My wrong thou know'st, my willingnesse thou seest.

*Exit.*

### *Actus secundus.*

*Enter Ierom and Stilt.*

*Ier.* Come *Stilt*, bestirre your stumps ; you know I must  
be a tilter.

*Stilt.* I my lord, I know you should be one, but I hope  
you are not so madd.

*Ier.* what dost thou count it madnesse to runne a tilt.

*Stilt.* I my Lord, for you that cannot sit a hobby, you'll e  
hardly manage your tilt horse.

*Ier.* Why? they say *Stilt*, that stone Mares are gentler, see  
if thou canst get me one of them.

*Stilt.* Not afore next grassie ; I could helpe you now to a  
stone mule, a stone assie.

*Ier.* Well, ile trie one course with thee at the halfe pike,  
and then goe, come draw thy pike.

*Stilt.* That's not your fit word ; you must say, aduance  
your pike, and you must be here fir, and here, you'l neuer  
learne for all my teaching.

*Ier.* I haue answered you *Stilt*, that Princes haue no need  
to bee taught, and I haue e'en determin'd with my selfe,  
not to runne at tilt, least I hazard my horse and harnesse :  
therefore

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

therefore ile to the court, and onely see my new cousin, that they sayd was drownd: and then retire to my Cattle at *Helsen*, and there write a new poem, that I haue taken paines in, almost these ten yeares: it is in prayse of picket-toothes.

*Stile*. That will be excellent my Lord, the barbers will buy those poems abominably.

*Ier*. Nay sirra, ile get a patent from the Duke, my father, for the *Cum Priuilegio* for that poem, *Ad imprimendum solum*; besides thou shalt haue a priuiledge, that no man shall sell toothpickes without thy seale: my father saies I am a foole, but I thinke I bestow my time to looke out for setting a new nappe vpon his thredbare Common wealth: Who's that knockes? who dares disturbe our honorable meditation? harke *Stile*, dost thou see no noyse?

*Stile*. No, but I heare a noyse.

*Ierom*. A hall then; my father and my new cousin stand aside, that I may set my countenance, my beard brush and mirror, *Stile*, that set my countenance right to the mirror of Knight-hood, for your mirror of magistrates is somewhat to sober. how lik'st me?

*Stile*. Oh excellent! heere's your casting bottle.

*Ier*. Sprinkle, good *Stile*, sprinkle, for my late practize hath brought mee into strange fauour: ha mother of mee, thou hadst almost blinded the eyes of excellence; but *omnia bene*, let them approach now, and I appeare not like a Prince, let my father casheere me, as some say hee will.

*Stile*. Casheere you? no, doe but manage your body, and haue heere, and heere your congies, and then *quid sequitur*, *Stile* knowes, and all the court shall see.

*Hoboyes*.

Enter Ferdinand leading Clois Hoffman: Mathias, and Lodowick leading Lucibella: Lorrigue, with other lords attending: coming neere the chayre of state, Ferdinand

Ascends, places Hoffman at his seate, sets a Coronet on his head, A Herald proclaimes.

herald

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Her. Ferdinand* by the diuine grace, prince of *Heidelberg*, lord of *Pomer*, and Duke of *Prussia*, for sundry reasons him mouing, the quiet state of his people especially: which as a wickse and insufficient prince, disinherits *Leurom Heidelberg* his knowne sonne and adopteth *Othoof Lunenberg* his sisters sonne, as heire, immediately to succeed after his death in all his prouinces. God saue Duke *Ferdinand*, and *Otho* his heire.

*Florish.*

*Ferd.* Amen, Heauen witnesse, how my heart is pleas'd,  
With the conceit of *Prussias* after-peace,  
By this election.

*Ier.* Why? but heare you father.

*Ferd.* Away, disturbe vs not, let's in and feast,  
For all our country in our choyce is blest. *Florish.*

*Exeunt.*

*Ier.* Why, but *Stilt*, what's now to be done *Stilt*?

*Stilt.* Nay that's more then I know: this matter will trouble vs more then all your poem of picktooths, & nailes: you were better be vnknighted then vnprinc'd, I haue lost all my hope of preferment, if this hold.

*Ier.* Noe more *Stilt*, I haue it heere; 'tis in my head, and out it shall not come, till red reuenge in robes of fire, and madding mitchiefe runne and raue: they say I am a foole *Stilt*, but follow me; I secke out my notes of Machiauel, they say hee's an odd politician.

*Stilt.* I faith hee's so odd, that he hath driuen euen honesty from all mens hearts.

*Ier.* Well, sword come forth, and courage enter in,  
Brest breake with grieve; yet hold to be reueng'd:  
Follow me *Stilt*; widdowes vnborne shall weepe,  
And beardlesse boyes with armour on their backs  
Shall beare vs out, *Stilt* we will tread on stilts,  
Through the purple pauement of the court,  
Which shall bee, let me see, what shall it be?  
No court, but euen a caue of misery.

*Thers*



## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

There's an excellent speech *Stile*, follow me, pursue me,  
will acquire,

And either die, or compassie my desire.

*Stile*. Oh braue master, not a Lord: O, *Stile* will stalke, and  
make the earth a stage,

But hee will haue thee lord in spight of rage.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rodorigo, and Austria's Duke, some followers.*

*Rod.* Sir since you are content, you heere shall finde,  
A sparing supper, but a bounteous minde:

Bad lodging, but a heart as free, and generous,  
As that which is fed with generous blood,

*Aust.* Your hermitage is furnish't for a prince.

*Rodo.* Last night this roote couer'd the sacred heads  
Of five most noble, faire, and gracious Princes,  
Duke *Ferdinand* himselfe, and *Otho* his nephew,  
The sonnes of *Saxon*, and the *Austrian* Princeesse.

*Aust.* Oh god! that girle, which fled my Court and loue,  
Making loue colour for her heedles flight,

*Rodo.* Pardon great prince: are you the *Austrian* duke?

*Aust.* Hermet I am, *Saxons* proud wanton sonns  
Were entertain'd like *Priam's* Firebrand  
At Sparta: all our State gladly, appear'd  
Like chierfull *Lacedemons*, to receaue  
Those Daimons that with magicke of their tongues,  
Bewitch't my Lucibells my Helen's cares.

*Knocking and calling within.*

*Rodo.* Who traueleth so late? who knockes so hard?  
Turne to the east end of the Chappell, pray;  
We are ready to attend you.

*Enter duke of Saxony.*

*Sax.* Which is the way to Dantzike?

*Rodo.* There is no way to Dantzike you can finde  
Without a guide thus late, come neere I pray,

*Sax.* looke to our horses, by your leaue master Hermet,

wee



## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

We are soone bidden, and will proue bold guests:  
God saue you sir.

*Anst.* That should bee *Saxons* tongue.

*Sax.* Indeed I am the Duke of *Saxony*.

*Anst.* Then art thou father to lasciuious sonnes,  
That haue made *Austria* childles. (cuse,

*Sax.* O subtil duke, thy craft appeares in framing thy ex-  
Thou dost accuse my yong sons innocence:  
I sent them to get knowledge, learne the tongues,  
Nor to be metamorphis'd with the view  
Of flattering beauty, peradventure painted.

*Anst.* No: I defie thee, John of *Saxony*;  
My *Lucibell* for beauty needs no art,  
Nor doe I thinke the vertues of her minde  
Euer inclind to this igneble course  
But by the charmes and forcings of thy sonnes. (Duke.

*Sax.* Oh would thou durst maintaine thy words prowd

*Rodo.* I hope great Princes, neither of you dare  
Commit a deede to factilegious: This holy cell  
Is dedicated to the sonne of peace;  
The foot of war neuer prophan'd this floore,  
Nor doth wrath here with his confu ming voyce  
Affright these buildings; charity with prayer,  
Humility with abstinence combin'd,  
Are heere the guardians of a grieu'd minde.

*Anst.* Father we obey thy loy voyce;  
Duke John of *Saxony*, receiue my faith;  
Till our eares heare the true course thy sonnes  
Haue taken with my fond and mis-led child.

I proclaime truce, Why dost thou sullen stand?  
If thou meane peace, giue me thy Princely hand.

*Sax.* Thus doe I plight thee troth, and promise peace;

*Anst.* Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart;  
In vowes of combination, ther's a grace  
That shewes the intention in the outward face,  
Looke chercfully, or I expect no leagus.

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Sax.* First giue me leaue to view a while the person,  
Of this *Heimer*, *Austria* note him well,  
Is he not like your brother *Rodorick*?

*Aust.* Hee's like him, but I heard he lost his life  
Long since in *Persia*, by the *Sophies* warres.

*Rod.* I heard so much my Lords, but that report  
Was purely fain'd, spread by my erring tongue,  
As double as my heart, when I was yonge:  
I am that *Rodorick* that aspir'd your throne;  
That vile false brother who with rebell breath,  
Drawne sword, and trecherous heart threatned your death.

*Sax.* My brother I say, then i' faith old *Iohn* lay by  
Thy sorrowing thoughts, turne to thy wonted veyne,  
And be madd *Iohn* of *Saxony* againe.

Mad *Rodorick*, art aliue? my mothers sonne  
Her ioy and her last birth; oh she coniu'd me  
To vse thee thus, and yet I banish thee:  
Body of me; I was vnkinde I know,  
But thou deseru'st it then; but let it goe:  
Say thou wilt leaue this life thus truly idle,  
And liue a Statesman, thou shalt share in raigue,  
Commanding all but me thy soueraigne.

*Rod.* I thanke your Highnes; i will thinke on it:  
But for my sinnes this sufferance is more fit.

*Sax.* Tut, tittle, tattle, tell not me of sinne.  
Now *Austria* once againe thy Princely hand:  
He looke thee in the face, and smile, and sweare,  
If any of my sonnes haue wrong'd thy child,  
He helpe thee in reuenging it my selfe;  
But if as I beleue they meane, but honor,  
As it appeareth by these iusts proclaim'd.  
Then thou shalt be content to name him thine,  
And thy faire daughter he account as mine.

*Aust.* Agreed.

*Sax.* Ah *Austria*! t'was a world when you and I  
Ran these Carreers; but now we are stiffe and drie.

*Aust.*

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Auf.* I am glad you are so pleasant my good Lord.

*Sex.* I was my old mood, but I was soone turn'd sad :  
With ouer grieuing for this long lost lad ;  
And now the Boy is growne, as old as I,  
His very face as full of grauity.

*Rod.* Please your Graces enter,  
I know the seruants that attend one me  
By the appointment of Duke Ferdinand  
By this haue couered.

*Sex.* Why then let's in : brother I trust, and brother  
Hold you this hand, *Rodoricke* hold thou the other,  
By heauen my heart with happinesse is crownd,  
In that my long lost brother now is found: *Exeunt;*

*Enter Clois Hoffman solus.*

*Hoff.* So run on fate, my destinies are good,  
Reuenge hath made me great by shedding blood :  
I am suppos'd the heire of *Luningberg*,  
By which I am of *Prussia* Prince elect.  
Good : who is wrong'd by this & onely a foote :  
And 'tis not fit that idiots should beare rule.

*Enter Lorrrique.*

*Lo.* My Lord I haue as you inioyn'd, intic't *Saxons* elder  
sonne to take with you : and heere hee comes with his  
most excellent, amorous, and admirable Lady.

*Hoff.* Ha'st thou the Hermet's weeds for my disguise ?

*Lor.* All ready, fit, fit in the next chamber, your beard is  
point-vice, not a faire amisse.

*Hoff.* Faithfull *Lorrrique* in thy vnfaithfulness:  
I kisse thy cheeke, and giue thee in that kisse  
The moitie of a lmy earthly blisse. *Exit.*

*Lor.* Good : I am halfe a Monarke: halfe a fiend  
Blood I begun in and in blood must end  
yet this *Clois* is an honest villaine, ha's conscience in his kil-  
ling of men: he kills none but his fathers enemies, and there  
issue, 'tis admirable, 'tis excellent, 'tis well 'tis meritorious,  
where ? in heauen ? no, hell.

D 2

*Enter*

# The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Enter Lodowick and Lucibella.

*Lod.* Now friend, where is prince *Otho*?

*Lor.* Sad, fir, and grieued.

*Luci.* Why? pritchee why?

*Lor.* Alas I know not why.

The hermet *Rodorigo* talkt with him  
Somewhat of you, and somewhat of the Duke,  
About surprizing you and murdering *Lodowick*;  
Or such a thing, nay sure 'twas such a thing.

*Luci.* Surprizing me and murdering *Lodowick*.

*Lod.* By whom? by what complot?

*Lor.* Sure by the Duke, the Duke's an odd old lad:  
I know, this night ther's set a double guard,  
And ther's some trick in that: but patience:  
Heere comes the Hermet: holy reuerent man!

Enter *Cleu Hoffman* like a hermet.

Somewhat important, wings his aged feet  
With speedy numbleness: heauen graunt that all be well.

*Cleu.* Princes in pitty of your youth, your loue,  
Your vertues, and what not, that may moue ruth,  
I offer you the tender of your liues,  
Which yet you may preferue: but if you stay,  
Death and destruction waiteth your delay.

*Lod.* Who hath conspir'd our deaths? speake reuerent  
man.

*Cleu.* The Duke of *Prussia*, doating on this face;  
Worthy indeed of wonder, being so faire,  
This night hath plotted, first to murder you;  
The guard are set that you may not escape,  
Within, without, and round about the court;  
Onely one way, thorow Prince *Otho* his lodging  
Is left; heere is the key, and for more prooffe  
Of my great zeale and care, on with these robes.

within

## The Tragedy of Hoffman

Within are Grecian habits for your heads ;  
Nay if you loue life do not stand amaz'd,  
But take the path toward my hermitage,  
Yet I aſſure you, that you goe not in;  
There may be plots to, for ought I know;  
But turne downe by the riuer, ther's a way  
Leads to a little Chappell; in that porch  
Stay, till I viſit you with better newes ;

*Lo.* I will but call my brother, and then goe.

*Clo.* That were a going neuer to returne:  
I'll ſend him after you, be well aſſur'd.

*Luci.* Oh god! the Duke of *Prussia* grown thus falſe,  
ſuch ſhewes of freindſhip, and ſo little faith.

*Lo.* Come *Lucibella* lets embrace this meane,  
Duke *Ferdinand* ſhall with a ſorrowing heart,  
Repent this baſe diſhonourable plot:  
Father, our fortunes if they ſort aright,  
ſhall with continuall thankfulneſſe requite  
This vertuous and this charitable care:  
Farwell: wee'l wait thee in the Chappell porch  
Bring Prince *Matthias* our kind brother thither,  
And thou ſhalt add good works to charity:  
Once more farewell *Lorrique*; ther's for thee,  
Commend me to thy Lord, tell him this wronge  
Of his falſe vncke, ſha I meete full reuenge:  
But doe to him our duties. Come chaſt, faire,  
We muſt not now by tilk and turneament  
Maintayne thy honor; for thy champion Knight,  
Is for't by treaſon to vnwilling flight.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* forrunne to miſchiefe: Oh my deare *Lorrique*!  
When I haue ſumm'd vp my account of death,  
And rob'd thoſe fathers of their liſes and ioy,  
That rob'd mee of my ioy, my fathers liſe,  
Thuſt thy hand claſpt in mine, wee'l walke and meditate,  
And boalt in the reuenges I haue wrought;

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

That done; I'll seat thee by my throne of state,  
And make thee rival in those governments;  
That by thy secrecy thou list it me to;  
Shalt be a Duke at least.

*Lor.* I thank your Grace, but pray resolve me,  
What you now intend,  
To these three Princes *Lodowick*, and *Mathias*,  
And the three beauteous Princess *Lucibell*.

*Hof.* Death certaine: call in *Mathias*, if my plot prove  
good, he shall make one brother shed the others blood.

*Lor.* I am nimble as your thought, deuse, I'll execute  
what you command.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* A precious villaine: a good villaine too.  
Well if he be no worse; that is doe worse,  
And hony me in my death- stinging thoughts,  
I will preferre him: he shall be prefer'd  
To hanging peradventure; why not? 'tis well

*Enter Lorrigne.*

His sufferance heere may saue his soule from hell.  
Hee comes; what newes my faithfull seruant? where's the

*Lor.* Hee's talking with the lady *Lucibell*, (Prince.  
And when I said your Highnesse sent for him,  
Hee 'gan with courtly salutations,  
To take his leaue and to attend your grace.

*Clo.* Well god-a-mercy friend, thou got't me grace:  
But more of that at leasure: take this gowne;  
My cloake, a chaire: I must turne melancholy.

*Enter Mathias.*

Second what ere I say, approoue my words,  
That we may moue *Mathias* to mad rage.

*Mat.* God saue your excellence: what sad, dull, heavy?  
Or are you now in meditation  
Which part to take to morrow at the Tilt?

*the*

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

The mead is ringd with tents of stranger Knights,  
Whose rich deuices, and caparisons  
Exceed the *Persian* Monark's, when he met  
Destruction and pale death sent from the sword  
Of *Philips* sonne, and his stout Macedons  
Cheerely Prince *Otho* ther's such a warlike sight  
That would stirre vp a leaden heart to fight.

*Clo.* For what?

*Mat.* For honor and faire *Lucibell*.

*Clo.* Oh Prince *Mathias* tis ill combin'd  
When honor is with fickle beautie ioynd.  
Where is your most Princely brother?

*Mat.* I cannot tell I left him with his loued *Lucibell*.

*Clo.* But shee has got another loue,  
Dishonored all this rich assembly,  
Left the memoriall of such infamy,  
As cannot die while men haue memory.

*Mat.* How? pray you how? what hath the princeesse done?

*Clo.* she with a Grecian is but new fled hence,  
Beslike some other loue of hers before:  
Our tilt and turnament is spoild and crost.  
The faire we should defend, her faith hath lost.

*Mat.* Fled with a Greecian? saw you them goe Prince *Otho*?

*Clo.* I, I, I saw them goe.

*Mat.* And would not stay them?

*Clo.* My true seruant knowes,  
How at the sight of such inconstancy  
My gentle heart was smitt with inward griefe  
And I sunke downe with sorrow. (harlot-steps.

*Mat.* death; what path? which way? that I may track her  
Fled now: gone now: ile goe seeke *Lodowicke*

*Clo.* Nay then you add an irreligious worke,  
To there lasciuious act; follow your selfe,  
I and my man will beare your company  
*Lorrique*, as I thinke, thou nam'st a chappell,  
A Hermet, some such thing: I haue lost the forme.

*Lor.*

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Lo.* I heard her say, she could not trauell far,  
He told her, they would rest the dead of night;  
Neerer to a chappell, by a hermitage.

*Mus.* Where is that chappell? wher's that hermitage?  
If you loue honor Princely *Luningberg*,  
Let's to that chappell: if you know the way,  
That I may kill our shame, ere it see day.

*Clo.* Ile guide you to the chappell, ayd your arme,  
In your reuenge, against that Grecian,  
But for the Lady spare her, she is faire.

*Mus.* I will doe what I can; oh hell of life!  
Who, but a foole would strine to winne a wife?  
shall we call *Lodowick*?

*Clo.* noe, t'would smite his soule in sunder, split his heart,  
If he should heare of such adulterate wronge,  
Cōuer the fault or punish as you please:  
Yet I would saue her faine, for she deserues  
pitty for beauty.

*Mus.* Nothing, noe for nothing.  
Shee is a harlots, faire, like guilded tombs  
Goodly without; within all rottennes:  
shee's like a painted fire vpon a hill,  
set to allure the frost-nipt passergeters,  
And statue them after hope: she is indeede  
As all such strumpets are, Angell in shew,  
Diuell in heart: Come, come if you loue me goe.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* Follow *Lorrique*; we are in the right way.

*Exit.*

*Lor.* To hell I feare: tush let all feare goe by,  
Whoo'l shun a bad way with good company.

*Exit.*

### Actus tertius.

*Enter Lodowick and Lucibell.*

*Lod.* Art you not faint diuinest *Lucibell*?

*Lucib.*



## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Luci.* Noe, the cleare moone strowes siluer in our path;  
And with her moist eyes weepes a gentle dew  
Ypon the the spotted pauement of the earth,  
Which softens euery flowre whereon I tread  
Besides; all trauell in your company  
Seemes but a walke made in some goodly bowre,  
Where loues faire mother strips her paramoure.

*Lod.* This is the Chappell, and behold a banke,  
Couer'd with sleeping flowers, that misle the Sunne:  
Shall Wee repose vs till *Mathias* come?

*Luci.* The Hermet will soone bring him, let's sit downe.  
Nature, or art hath taught these boughes to spred,  
In manner of an arbour o're the banke.

*Lod.* No, they bow downe as vailes to shadow you:  
And the fialsh flowers beguiled by the light  
Of your celestiaall eyes, open there leaues,  
And when they entertaine the lord of day  
You bring them comfort like the Sunne in May.

*Luci.* Come come, you men will flatter beyond meanes:  
Will you sit downe? and talke of the late wronge  
Intend'd by the Duke of *Prussia*?

*Lod.* Fairest forget it, leaue till we are cleare freed hence,  
I will deſie him, and cause all the knights  
Assembled for our purpos'd turnament,  
To turne there keene swords 'gainst his catiue head.

*Luci.* Prithee no more, I feele thy blood turne hot,  
And wrath inflames thy spirit, let it cease;  
Forgiue this fault, conuert this war to peace.

*Lod.* O breath sweet touch with what a heauenly charme  
Doe your soft fingers my warre-boughts disarm,  
*Prussia* had reason to attempt my life  
Inchanted by the magicke of these lookes,  
That cast a luster on the blushing stars.  
Pardon chaste Queene of beauty, make me proude  
To rest my toild head on your tender knee,  
My chin with sleepe is to my bosome bow'd;

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Faire if you please a little rest with mee.

*Luci.* No, ile be Centinell; ile watch for feare  
Of venothous wormes, or wolues, or woluish theeues:  
My hand shall fanne your eyes, like the film'd winge  
Of drowfie morpheus; and my voyce shall sing  
In a low compasse for a *Lucibell*.

Sleepe sweete, perhaps ile sleepe for company.

*Lod.* I thanke you; I am drowfie, sing I pray;  
Or sleepe: doe what you please, I am heauy, I;  
God night to all our care: oh I am blest  
By this soft pillow where my head doth rest.

*Hee sleeps.*

By my troth I am sleepey too: I cannot sing,  
My heart is troubled with some heauy thing.  
Rest one these violets, whilst I prepare,  
In thy soft slumber to receiue a share:  
Blush not chaste Moone to see a virgin lie  
So neere a Prince, 'tis noe immodestie:  
For when the thoughts are pure, noe time, noe place,  
Hath power to worke faire chastities disgrace;  
*Lodowick* I claspe thee thus, so arme clip arme,  
So sorrow sold them that wish true loue harme.

*Sleepes.*

*Enter Lorrique, Mathias, Clois Hoffman.*

*Mat.* Art sure tha't found them?

*Lor.* Looke, are these they?

*Mat.* Adulterer: trumpet.

*Lod.* Oh!

*Luci.* Oh!

*Clo.* Vnhumane deede to kill both.

*Mat.* Both haue about our glory, both shall bleed,

*Luci.* how now! what haue ye done? my *Lodowick* bleeds  
Some sauage beast hath fixt his ruthles tang  
In my soft body: *Lodowick*, I faint,

*deers*

*The Tragedy of Honnman.*

Deere wake; my *Lodowick*: alas what meanes  
Your brest to be thus wet? I'ft blood or sweat?

*Lod.* Who troubles me?

*Mat.* Brother.

*Lod.* Who is that? *Mathias*.

*Mat.* I, accursed I,

*Lod.* Wher's the good Hermet? thanke him for his loue;  
Yet tell him; *Ferdinand* of *Prussia*

Hath a long arme; some murderer of his  
hath kild vs sleeping.

*Luci.* Kild thee? Oh no! I trust the carefull destinies deny  
So hard a fate: 'tis I alone am kild.

Come *Lodowick*, and close vp my night-vaild eies  
That neuer may agen behold the day.

*Hoff.* What meanes *Mathias*?

*He offers to Kill  
himselfe.*

*Mat.* Hold me nor Prince *Otho*.

I will reuenge my selfe vpon my selfe:

For Parricide for damned parricide:

I haue kild my brother sleeping in the arme;

Of the diuineſt forme that e're held breath.

I haue kild loues Queene defac't with my foule hand;

The goodliest frame that euer nature built

And driuen the graces from the mansion

Whercin they haue continued from their birth;

She now being dead, shee'l dwell no more on earth;

*Lod.* What moued you to it brother?

*Mat.* Iealous rage, suspicion by Prince *Otho*,

That *Lucibell* had bed with a base Greeke,

Oh me accursed! I am borne to shame.

*Clo.* But I am wretcheder, that from the loſſe

Deuored to the house of *Saxony*,

Haue thus begot this monster cruelty:

I lay within an harbour, whence I saw

The princeſſe, and your selfe in this disguise

Departing secretly my vnckles court:

I iudg'd you for a Greeke as you appear'd,  
Told Prince *Matthias* of your secret flight;  
And hee led on by fury followed you  
Where thus deceased by night and your attire,  
Hath rob'd your heart of life, his owne of ioy.

*Mat.* Forgiue me brother, pardon fairest maide,  
And ere the icy hand of ashie death  
Fod your faire bodies in this sable vaile;  
Discouer why you put on this disguise.

*Lod.* To scape the lustfull Duke of *Prussia*,  
Who purpos'd this night to murder me,  
And rauish her whom death hath made his pray  
My *Lucibell*, whose lights are mask't with clouds  
That neuer will be cleard.

*Hoff.* My vncke, fie, who buz'd into your head  
This damned lie?

*Lod.* it's no lie.

*Luci.* Noe lie: 'tis true, 'tis true,  
The reuerent Hermet *Rodoricke* told it vs.

*Hoff.* The Hermet is a villaine damn'd in hell  
Before the worlds creation, if he sai't  
My Princely vncke purpos'd such a thought.  
Louke to the Princeesse, ther's life in her: (man.  
Cheere vp your heart Prince *Lodowicke*, courage  
Your being of comfort may recouer her,  
While I bring forth the Hermet and disprooue  
This false assertion: *Rodoricke* is a slaue  
A vile and irreligious hypocrite,  
No Hermet, but a diuell if he dare  
Asarme such falshood of Duke *Ferdinand*.

*Enter Rodorigo, Saxony, and Austria.*

*Rodo.* *Rodoricke* is not as you report him sic,  
Nor did he ere belie Duke *Ferdinand*.

*Hoff.* No did? why then did you maliciously

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Advise Prince Lodowick and faire *Lucibell*  
To flee the *Prussian* court this dismal night.

*Rodo.* Who I? I spake not with them,

*Lodo.* Yes ye did.

*Sax.* Where was it that he spake with you? tell vs where?

*Lodo.* At Dantzike in the Duke of *Prussias* court.

*Sax.* Who heard him besides you?

*Lod.* The Princess *Lucibell*.

*Luci.* As heaven shall helpe my fleeing soule, I did.

*Aust.* why speakes my dukedomes hope in hollow sounds?

Looke vp fayre child heer's *Saxony* and I

Thy father, *Lucibella* looke on me;

I am not angry that thou fled'st away

But come to grace thy nuptials; prithee speake.

*Luci.* Father I thanke you: *Lodowick* reach me thy hand

How cold thou art; death now assailes our hearts,

Having triumph't ouer the outward parts;

Farewell a while, we die but part, to meete

Where ioyes are certaine, pleasures endlesse, sweet.

Father, this latest boone of you I craue,

Let him, and me, lie in one bed, and graue.

*Moritur.*

*Aust.* Oh me I oh miserable wretched me.

*Lod.* Houer a little longer blessed soule,  
glide not away too fast: mine now forsaks his earthly mansion  
and on hopes gilt wings will gladly mount with thine,  
where Angels sing celestiall ditties to the King of Kings.  
brother adew, your rashnesse I forgiue, pardon me father,  
pardon; *Austria* your daughter is become a bride for death;  
the dismal even before her wedding day. Hermet God  
pardon thee: thy double tongue hath caus'd this error:  
but in peace farewell. Hee that lifts vs to Heauen keepe  
thee from Hell.

*Moritur.*

*Rod.* Oh strange coniecture! what should moue this Prince  
To charge me with such horrid cruelty?

*Mor.*

## The Tragedy of Hoffman;

*Mat.* Ile tell thee hypocrite.

*Sax.* Stay *Mathias* stay,

Is thy vncle *Roderigo*, and besides,

My hon or and Duke *Austria's* shall bee gag'd,

He neuer parted from our company in his owne hermitage  
Since day decline, and glimmering twilight vsher'd in the

*Hoff.* Not from his hermitage?

(night.

*Aust.* Noe nor he.

*Hoff.* Is't possible?

*Aust.* By Heauen he did not.

*Hoff.* Then there is villany, practice, and villany

*Mathias* hath bin wrong'd and drawne to kill

His naturall brother, with him to destroy

The rarest peece of natures workmanship,

No doubt by practise and base villany

The Hermet not at court? strange! wondrous!

*Sax.* Oh for my sonne, and *Austria's* worthy childe.

*Aust.* Thou weep'st in scorne, and very teare of thine  
Conuers a smile: *Saxony*, I desie

All truce, all league of loue, guard thee proud Duke;

Thy sonnes haue made me childlesse; Ile haue thee

Confort in death with my wrong'd girle and mee.

*Hoff.* Helpe Prince *Mathias*: Hermet, oh the Heauens!

The *Austrian* Duke sinkes downe vpon the earth.

*Aust.* Proud Iohn of *Saxony*: ha'st thou no wound?

*Sax.* Not any *Austria*; neither toucht I thee.

*Aust.* Somebody toucht me home: vaine worldfarewell  
Dying I fall on my dead *Lucibell*.

*Sax.* Sir what are you that take on you to parte?

It s by your weapon that the Duke is false.

*Hoff.* If I thought so, I'de fall vpon the point,

But I am innocent of such an ill:

Kill my good kinsman, Duke of *Austria*;

Then were Prince *Otho* of *Lunningberg* set downe

In sad dispaire, blacke booke to raue and die;

But I am free from such impiety.

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Sax.* Are you Prince *Otho* of *Luningberg*?

*Rodo.* He is, and heire apparent to Duke *Ferdinan.*

*Sax.* May be the *Moone* deceaues me, and my grief  
As well in the distinguishing of sounds,  
As sight: I haue heard of young *Luningberg*,  
And seene him to at *Hoffmans* ouertbrow,  
He lookt not like you, neither spake like you.

*Mar.* Father, 'tis he: *Lorrique* his man attends him,  
That fellow which is all compos'd of mirth  
Of mirth? of death: why should I thinke of mirth  
After so foule a murder? come lend hands  
To giue this Princely body funerall rites,  
That I may sacrifice this hand and heart  
For my peace-offerings on theyr sepulchers.

*Sax.* Nay, boy, thou shalt not leaue old Saxony  
Childles for all this sorrow: Prince, and if *Otho*  
Helpe in my son with noble *Austria*,  
*Lodowick* shalbe my burden: brother yours  
The louely but the lucklesse *Lucibell*.

So treade a heauy measure; now lets goe  
To interre the dead, our hearts being dead with woe.

*Exeunt carrying the dead bodies*

*Red.* Ther's life in *Lucibell*, for I feele ( *Rodo.* last with  
A breath, more odoriferous then balme ( *Lucibell.*

Thirle through the corall porals of her lipps,  
Apparent signes of life, her puises beate;  
Oh if I could but yet recouer her,  
T'would satiffie the State of *Austria*,  
That else would be disturb'd for want of heires  
Heauen be propitious, guide my artlesse hand,  
To preferue fainting life in this cleare forme.  
Graunt this thou soule of all Diuinity,  
And I will strue what euer mortall may

*Enter Hoffman and Saxony.*

To serue thee on my knees both night and day:  
Tarry Prince *Otho* and see theyr bodies balin'd,

*Hoff?*



## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Hoff.* I pray you thinke me not in passion dull;  
I must withdraw, and weepe, my heart is full.  
Oh reuerent man, thou bearest the richest fruite;  
That euer fell in the vnriper spring,  
Goe lay her soft, she had ill fate to fall;  
But rich or faire or strong, death swallowes all,  
Holla! *Lorrique*, leaue our horse; draw neere.

*Enter Lorrique.*

Helpe me to sing a hymne vnto the fates  
Compos'd of laughing interiections.

*Lor.* Why my good Lord? what accidents  
Haue chanc't, that tickle so your spleene? (venge)

*Hoff.* Oh my deere selfe: thou trusty treasurer of my re-  
Kneele downe, and at my bidding kisse the earth;  
And on her cold eare whisper this strict charge:  
That she prouide the best of her perfumes,  
The fat of Lambs rap't from the bleating Ewes,  
The sweetest smelling wood she can deuise;  
For I must offer vp a sacrifice,  
To blest occasion that hath seconded

With opportune meanes my desire of wreake;

*Lor.* Now I haue kis't the earth, let me partake  
In your great ioy, that seemes to exceed.

Are *Lodowick*, and the *Princesse* murder'd?

*Hoff.* Tis done, goe, hie thee to Prince *Ferdinand*;  
Tell him how misaduenture and mistrust  
Hath kild Prince *Lodowick* and bright *Lucibell*:  
By Prince *Mathias* hand: adde to that chaunce,  
Another v unexpected accident:

Say that the Dukes of *Austria* and *Saxony*,  
Being by the Hermet *Rodorick* intertain'd,  
And hearing outcries in the dead of night,  
Came and beheld the tragick spectacle,  
Which sight did so inrage the *Austrian Duke*,  
That he assail'd the *Saxon*, but fell slaine,



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

On his pale daughter, new deflower'd by death;

*Lor. Is Austria then slain by Saxony?*

*Hoff.* Come, come, hee's dead, eyther by him or me,  
Noe matter, hee's gone : ther's more to goe.  
Runne with the newes ; away.

*Exit.*

*Enter Stilt, and a rabble of poore soldiers: old Stilt his  
father, with his scarfe like a Capitaine. A  
scurvy march.*

*Stilt.* Father, set you the army in qeraye, while I inuocate :  
The Generall *Foulkes* : *Fibs*, fo'man, and  
Friends ail, Officers ail, helpe to marshall ; Prince  
*Ierom* my Lord shall remunerate that, is shall be  
Full of thanks giving, while nature is able to  
Nourish, or sustayne ; Father you haue order to stay the  
rest, be sententious, and full of circumstance I aduise you ;  
and remember this, that more then mortality fights on  
our side ; For we haue treason and iniquity to maintayne  
our quarrell.

*Old Stilt.* Hah ! what say'st my sonne ? treason and iniquity ?

*Stilt.* Reason, and equity I meant Father ; ther's little  
controuerfity in the words : but like a Capitaine couragi-  
ous, I pray goe forward, remember the place you are, in noe  
more, but this ; the dayes of old, no more, but that ; and  
the glory Father ; Knighthood at least, to the vtter defa-  
cing of you and your posterity, Noe more but soe.

*Exit.*

*O. Stilt.* Well, goe thy waies : thou art able to put fire  
into a Flint stone ; thou hast as rheumaticke a tongue to  
per-

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

perswade as any is betweene *Pole* and *Pomer*; but thou art euen kilt after kind, I am thy father, and was infamous for my exprobrations, to discourage a dissembly of tall souldiers afore thou wert borne, and I haue made them stand to it tooth and nayle; how say you, most valiant and reprobate Country men: haue ye not heard I haue bin a slinger, a tickler, a worner.

*Fibs.* Yes; noble, ancient Captaine *Stilt*, ye haue renown'd mens hearts I haue heard that of my father (God rest his soule,) when yee were but one of the common all souldiers that seru'd old *Sarloys* in Norway.

*O. Stilt.* I then was, and *Sarloys* was; a gentleman wou'd not haue giuen his head for the washing; but lice is cut of, as all valiant caualliers shall; and they be no more negligent of themselves; But to the purpose: wee are dissembled together, and false into barrayle beray in the behalfe Prince *Ierom* a vertuous Prince, a wise Prince, and a most respectlesse Prince; my son *Timothies* master, and the vnlawfull heire of this land. Now sir the old Duke has put out a declamation, and saies our rising is nbe other then a resurrection, for the Prince inspires not against his father; but the Duke inspires against his son, vsing him most naturally, charitably, and abhominably, to put him from intercession of the crowne; wherefore as yee bee true men, and obttinate subjects to the State vncouer your heads, and cast vp your caps and cry a *Ierom*, a *Ierom*.

*Om.* A *Ierom*, a *Ierom*, a *Ierom*.

*Enter Ierom, and Stilt,*

*Ier.* Most noble Countrymen I cannot but condle in joy, and smile in teares to see you assembled in my sight, but this is the lamentation that I poore Prince must make, who for my fathers proclamation am like for to loose

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

loose my head; except you stand to mee, for they are coming on with bowes, bills, and guns, against vs: but if you be valiant, and stand to me lustily, alth' earth shall roare but wee'll haue victory.

*Enter with Drum, and Colours, Duke Ferdinand, Hoffman Lorrigue, Captaine to leade the drum, the soldiers march and make a stand; All on Ieroms side cast vp their caps and cry a leiom.*

*Fer.* Vpon those traytors valiant gentlemen:  
Let not that beare the multitude confront,  
With garlick-breath and then confuted cries  
The Maiesty of me their awfull Duke,  
Strike their Typhocan body downe to fire  
That dare'gainst vs, their soueraigne conspire.

*Ier.* Come, come, you shall haue your hands full, and you  
Come where we haue to doe, stand to it *Stilt.*

*Stilt.* stand to't? heer's the father and the son will stand,  
though all the rest flie away.

*O Stilt.* I warrant you Prince, when the battaile comes  
to ioyning, my son and I will bee inuisible, and they overcome vs, he giue you leaue to say I haue no pith in me; vpon ym true Prince vpon ym.

*An Alarm; Hoffman kaeles betweene the Armies.*

*Stilt.* I thought twou'd come to that;  
I thought we shoud bring  
The false Prince on his knees.

*Fer.* What meanes my Dukedomes hope to turne thus  
base? a life, and smite thy foes.

*Stil.* I see them not my most honor'd vncle; pittie I beseech  
These silly people, that offend as babes,  
Nor vnderstanding, how they doe offend:  
And suffer me chiefe agent in this wrong,  
To plead their pardons with a peacefull tongue.

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Stilt.* We scorne pardons, Peace and pittie; wee'l  
haue a Prince of our owne chusing, Prince *Ierom*.

*O. Stilt.* I, I, Prince *Ierom* or no body; be not 'obstacle' old  
Duke, let not your owne flesh and blood bee inherited of  
your Dukedome, and a stranger displac'd in his retortory:  
for and you doe, wee will take no comparifon of you and  
your army, but fall vpon you like temperance and light-  
ning.

*Fer.* Vpon your perill; gentlemen assayle.

*Sarl.* If any bolome meete the brunt of war,  
Mine shall be first oppos'd; these honest men  
That rise in armes for my young Cozens right  
Shall be Protected whilst Prince *Charles* can stand.

*Ier.* Why see now what a thing Maiefty is;  
*Stilt* and the rest of my good people; my couzen  
*Charles* looking but in the face of our excellence  
Cannot chooise but take our parte.

*Stilt.* Nay but trust him not my Lord; take heed of him,  
Aware your enemies at any hand.

*Fer.* Why should you make this intercession  
For these base abiects, whose presumptuous hearts  
Haue drawne their rebell bodies 'gainst their head:  
Intreat not for them, they are all but dead.

*Sarl.* Forbeare a little worthy Countrymen.

*Stilt.* Nay we deny that, we are none of your Countrymen;  
you are an arrant arrant Alien.

*O. Stilt.* True son inere peregrination, and one that was not  
borne within our Dukes damnation, and therefore not to  
be remitted to any vpitantiall degree of office amongst vs:  
that's the fine, that's the confusion of all.

*Sarl.* But heare mee.

*Ier.* I, I, pray heare him; nay I charge you all vpon paine  
of death that you heare my cozen.

*Stilt.* he Well wee will are him: come on, speake, what  
will wee say?

*Sarl.* O I beseech you saue your liues and goods,

For

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

For the Dukes squadrons arm'd with wrath and death,  
Watch but the signall when to ceaze on you,  
That can noe more with stand their approued strengthes  
Then sparrowes can contend with towring hawks :  
Or 'gainst the Eagles ayery :  
This act of yours by gathering to a head,  
Is treason capitall, and without grace  
Your liues are forfeit to extreamest law.

*O Stile* Mas he saies true son; but what's the remedy?

*Stile*. None at all father, now wee are in, wee must goe  
through stich.

*Sirl*. Yes, there is remedy : cast your weapons downe,  
And arme your selues with mercy of your Prince  
Who like a gracious shepheard ready stands  
To take his lost sheepe home in gentle hands.  
As for your Prince, I will for him intreat  
That he may be restor'd againe in loue,  
And vnto offices of dignity, as eyther Taster,  
Sewer, Cupbearer, the place him selfe thinkes  
Fittest for his state, and for my part when  
That vnhappy time of Princely *Ferdinands*  
Sad death shall, come : ———

Which moment : ———

But should I as I say behold that houre,  
Although I am elected for your Prince,  
Yet would I not remooue this gentleman,  
But rather serue him as his counsellor.

*Ier* Giue me your hand of that Cozen; well sayd, now  
get a pardon for mee, and my merry men all; and then let  
me be my fathers Taster, being the office belonging to his  
eldest sonne; I Being the same, and then you shall see mee  
behaue my selfe, not as a rebell, or reprobate, but as a most  
reasonable Prince, and sufficient subiect.

*Stile*. Well since my Lord ha's sayd the word, bring that  
of spake he to passe and ye shall haue my word too, and old  
*Stile* my fathers, being a man of good reproch I tell you,

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

and condemnation in his country.

*O. Still.* I that I am my Lord, I haue liu'd in name and shame  
these threescore and seuen winters, all my neighbours can  
reare me testament, and accord.

*Sarl.* Well, rest yee quiet, Soueraigne on my knees  
I beg, your Highnes graunt to there request:  
Suppose them silly, simple, and your owne;  
To shed their blood were iust, yet rigorous,  
The praise of Kings is to prooue gracious.

*Fer.* True soule of honor, substance of my selfe,  
Thy merit wins thee mercy, goe in peace,  
Lay by your vniust armes, liue by your sweate,  
And in content the bread of quiet eate.

*Om.* God saue Duke *Ferdinand.*

*Exunt.*

*Ier.* Pray Father, forgive me, and my man,  
And my mans father by our single seues;  
For we haue bin the capitall offenders.

*O. Still.* I truly my Lord, we rais'd the resurrection,

*Fer.* I pardon all; giue thee my Tasters place;

Honor this Prince that hath thus won you grace:

*O. S. Y. S.* God saue Duke *Ferdinand*, and Prince *Otho.*

*Ier.* I and me too.

*O. Still.* And Prince *Ierom* too; well son, ile leave thee a  
Courtier still, and get mee home to my owne desolation,  
where ile labour to compell away excessity: and so fare yee  
well.

*Exit.*

*Fer.* This busines ouer: worthy nephew *Charles*,  
Let vs goe visit the sad *Saxon* Duke,  
The mourning Hermet,  
That through affection wrought his brothers fall.

*Sarl.* Ile wait your Highnes to that house of woe,  
Where sad mischance lyes in a purp'e chayre,  
And vnderneath her beetle cloudy browes  
Smiles at vnlockt for mischiefes; oh there

*Doct.*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Doth griefe vnpainte, in true shape appeare.

*Fer.* Shrill trumpets found a flourish

For the cries of war are drown'd.

*Exit*

*Ier.* Nay but cozen cozen, i't is not necessary I wait  
Vpon myne owne father? and *Stile* vpon me?

*Sarl.* It's most expedient, be obsequious.  
Noe doubt his excellence will like that well.

*Enter Lorrigue like a French Doctor.*

*Lor.* Dieu vou guard Mounseieur.

*Sarl.* Welcome my friend, ha'lt any suit to me?

*Lor.* Away Mounseieur, if you be the grand Prince  
Legitimate of *Prussia*, I haue for tendre  
To your Excellence de service of one poore  
Gentle home of Champaigne.

*Sarl.* I am not he you looke for gentlemen,  
My cozen is the true and lawfull Prince.

*Ier.* I fir I am the legitimate, and am able to entertayne  
A gentleman though I say't and he be of any quality.

*Sarl.* *Lorrigue*, now or neuer play thy part:  
This Act is euen our Tragedies best hart.

*Lor.* Let me alone for plots, and villany,  
Onely commend me to this scole the Prince.

*Ier.* I tell thee, I am the Prince, my cozen knowes it,  
That's my cozen, this is *Stile* my man.

*Lor.* A vostre service Mounseieur most Genereux.

*Sarl.* Noe doubt he is some cunning gentleman  
Your Grace may doe a deede befitting you  
To entertaine this stranger.

*Ier.* It shall be done cozen; ile talke with him a little  
And follow you, goe commend me to my father  
Tell him I am comming, and *Stile*, and this stranger, bee  
murd'full cozen, as you will answere to my Princely in-  
dignation.

*Sarl.*



*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Sarl.* Well sir, I will be carefull, neuer doubt;  
Now scarlet Mistris from thicke sable clouds  
Thrust forth thy blood-staind hands, applaud my plot;  
That giddy wonderers may amazed stand  
While death smytes downe suspectles *Ferdinand.*

*Exit.*

*Silt.* Sweet Prince I scarce vnderstand this fellow well,  
but I like his conceit in not trusting Prince *Otho*; you must  
giue him the remouue that's flat.

*Lor.* I be, gar, hee be chofe agen you, hee giue you good  
worde to be dat, but he will haue one sigg or dia by gar  
for company on in principality be no possible.

*Lor.* Well, I apprchend thee, I haue a certaine Princely  
feeling in my felie that he loues me not.

*Silt.* Hold yee there my Lord, I am but a poore fellow  
and haue but a simple liuing left me; yet my brother were  
he a very naturall brother of mine owne, should hee bee  
dopted, I would dopt him, and herrite him, he fit him.

*Lor.* I but how *Silt.* but how?

*Lor.* By gar my Lord, I will tell you fine knacks, for make  
him kicke vp his heeles, and cry wee, or be gar  
I be hange, and so shall I be to, and for de grand loue I beare  
you, for de Lady *Issabella's* sake your most tres-excellent  
Lady moder.

*Lor.* Didst thou know her French doct or? didst thou?

*Silt.* I as beggars doe the Ladies that are their Almesgi-  
guers.

*Lor.* By gar you lye, like Iacknape, I loue de Lady.  
With a boone cœur, and for her sake here take dis fame, and  
dis fame, put dis in de cup, where de competitor Prince  
*Otho* shall drinke; by gar it will poyson him brauely.

*Silt.* That were excellent my Lord, and it could be done,  
and noe body know on't.

*Lor.* I, but he alwaies drinkes in my Fathers cup.

*Lor.* I so let be, let de Duke drinke a de same.

*Lor.* What poyton my father? noe, I like not that so well.

*Lor.*



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Lor.* You shall drinke too, and I too, and when wee bee sicke, as we shall haue a petit rumble in de belly; dan take a dis fame, and giue your sadra dis; but your cozin none of it, and bygar noe body shall be dead, and kicka, and cry oh, but *Otho.*

*Stilt.* That's excellent, master.

*Ier.* This is the poyson then, and this is the medicine?

*Lor.* I dat be true.

*Ier.* Well Phisitian, attend in my chamber heere, till *Stilt* and I returne; and if I pepper him nor, say I am not worthy to be cald a Duke, but a drawlatch.

*Stilt.* Farewell awe, and iebbit a vow; and wee speede by thy practice wee'l crush a cup of thine owne country wine.

*Lor.* Goz speede to spoyle your selues:  
Do for lic there, *Lorrique*; like thy selfe appeare  
So now ile post vuto the Hermitage, and smile  
While silly fooles act treason through my guile.

*Exii*

## *Actus quartus.*

*Enter Ferdinand and Sarlois, open a curtaine: kneele  
Saxony, the Hermet and Mathias:  
tapers burning.*

*Sarl.* See Princely vncle the blacke dormitory,  
Where *Austria* and Prince *Lodowick* are layd  
On the cold bed of earth, where they must sleepe  
Till earth and ayre, and sea consume by fire.

*Fer.* Their rest be peace, their rising glorious;  
Sad mourners, giue your partners leau to kneedie,  
And make their offertorie on this tombe,  
That does containe the honourablest earth  
That euer went vpriight in *Germany*,

G

*Sax.*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Sax.* Welcome Duke *Ferdinand*, come, come, keele, kneele;  
Thus should each friend anothers sorrow feele.

*Sarl.* Is *Lucibella* in this monument?

*Red.* Noe, shes recover'd from deaths violence;  
But through her woundes and griefe distract of sence.

*Sarl.* Heauen helpe her, here she comes:

*Enter Lucibella mad.*

*Red.* Kneele still, I pray.

*Mat.* Oh mee accurit tw why liue I this blacke day?

*Luc.* Oh a sword, I pray you kill me not,  
For I am going to the riuers side  
To fetch white lillies, and bew daffadils  
To sticke in *Lodowicks* bosome, where it bled;  
And in mine owne; my true loue is not dead,  
Noe y'are deceiud in him, my father is:  
Reason he should, he made me run away:  
And *Lodowick* too, and you *Mathias* too;  
Alacke for woe, yet whata the remedy?  
We must run all awaye: yet all must dye.  
'Tis soe, I wrought it in a sampler,  
'Twas heart in hand, and true lones knots and words;  
All true stitch by my troth: the posie thus:  
No flight deare loue but death, shall seuer vs;  
Nor that did not neyther; he lies here does he not?

*Red.* Yes louely madam, pray be patient.

*Luc.* Ho I am, but pray tell me true,  
Could you be patient, or you, or you, or you,  
To loole a father and a husband too;  
Yee could, I cannot; open, doore here hoe I  
Tell *Lodowick*, *Lucibell* would speake with him;  
I haue newes from heauen for him, he must not dy,  
I haue rob'd *Promethew* of his moouing fire:  
Open the dore, I must come in, and will,  
He beate my selfe to ayre, but Ile come in.

*Sarl.*

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Sarl.* Alas her tender hands smiting the stone  
Beweepe their mistris rage in teares or blood.  
*Ferd.* Faire Lady be of comfort, 't is in vaine  
To inuocate the dead to life againe.

*Sar.* I gentle Daughter be content, I pray,  
Their fate is come, and ours is nor, far off.

*Mar.* Here is a hand ouer my fate hach power  
And I now sinke vnder the stroke of death,  
But that a purer spirit fills my brest  
And guides me from the footsteps of dispaire,

*Sarl.* A heauenly motion full of charity,  
Your selfe to kill you selfe were such a sinne  
As most diuines hold deadly.

*Luc.* I but a knaue may kill one by a trickes;  
Or lay a plot, or toie, or cog, or prate,  
Make strife, make a mans father hang him,  
Or his brother, how thinke you goodly Prince,  
God giue you ioy of your adoption;  
May nor trickes be vid?

*Sarl.* Alas poore Lady.

*Luc.* I thats true, I am poore, and yett haue things;  
And gold ring, and amidst the leaues greenca  
Lord how dee, well I thanke god, why thats well,  
And you my Lord, and you too; neuer a one weepe,  
Must I shed all the teares? well he is gone,  
And he dwells here ye sayd, ho'll dwell wick him,  
Death, dastard, Diuell, robber of my life  
Thou base adulterer, that partt man and wife  
Come I desie thy darts.

*Fer.* O sweet for beare.

For pitties sake a while her rage restraine  
Lett she doe violence vpon herselfe.

*Luc.* O neuer feare me, there is somewhat cries  
Within menoe: tels me there's knaues abroad

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Bids mee be quiet, lay me downe and sleepe  
Good night good gentlefolkes, brother your hand,  
And yours good father, you are my father now,  
Doe but stand here, I'll tan a little courle  
At base, or barley-breake, or some such roye,  
To catch the fellow, and come backe againe,  
Nay looke thee now, let goe, or by my troth  
He tell my *Lodowick* how yee vse his loue:  
Soe now god-buie, now god-night indeede:  
Lie further *Lodowick*, take not all the roome,  
Be not a chattle, thy *Lucibell* doth come.

*Exit*

*Sax.* Follow her brother, follow son *Machins*,  
Be carefull guardians of the troubled mayd;  
Whie I confesse with Princely *Ferdinand*  
About an embassie to *Austria*,  
With true reports of there disastrous haps.

*Mat.* Well, I will bee her guardian and her guide,  
By me her fences haue bin weakned,  
But I'll contend with charitable paine,  
To serue her, till they be restord againe.

*Exit*

*Sarl.* A vertuous, noble resolution:

*Fer.* Worthy Prince *Rodorigo*, when tempestuous woe  
Abates her violent storme, I shall haue time  
To chide you for vnkindenes, that haue liu'd  
In solitary life with vs so long.

Beleue me *Saxon* Prince you did vs wrong:

*Red.* Would I might neuer liue in noe worse state;  
For contemplation is the path to heauen.  
My new conversing in the world is prou'd  
Lucklesse and full of sorrow; fare-ye-well  
My heauens, alone, all company seemes hell.

*Exit*

*Fer.* My nephew call for wine my soule is dry

I am

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

I am sad at sight of soe much misery.

*Enter Ierom and Stilt, with cup, towell, and wine.*

*Sarl.* Is the Dukes taster there?

*Ier.* I am at hand with my office.

*Sarl.* Fill for the Duke good cozen, tast it first.

*Ier.* I haue no minde to it *Stilt*, for all my antidote.

*Stilt.* I warrant you Master let Prince *Otho* drinke next,

*Ier.* Heere cozen, will you begin to my father?

*Sarl.* I thanke you kindly, i'll not be so bold,  
It is your office; fill vnto my Lord.

*Ier.* Well god be with it, it's gon downe, and now ile  
send the medicine after; Father pray drinke to my cozen  
for hee is soe mannigly that hee'l not drinke before you.

*Stilt.* Pray yee doe my Lord, for Prince *Otho* is best wor-  
thy of all this company to drinke of that cup, which and  
he doe, I hope he shall nere drinke more.

*Fer.* Good fortune after all this sorrow *Saxony*.

*Sax.* O worthy *Ferdinand*, fortune and I are parted, she  
has playd the minion with mee, turn'd all her fauours in  
to frownes, and in scorne rob'd mee of all my hopes, and in  
one houre o're-turnd mee from the top of her proud  
wheele.

*Fer.* Build not on fortune, shee's a fickle dame  
And those that trust vnto her spheare are fooles.  
Fill for his Excellence.

*Ier.* Here cozen for your Excellence, pray drinke you to  
the Duke of *Saxony*.

*Sarl.* Noe I kind cozen, I list not to drinke.

*Ier.* Gods Lady, I thinke *Stilt*, wee are all vndone, for I  
feele a iumbling worse and worse.

*Stilt.* O giue the Duke some of the medicine

*Fer.* What medicine talk'st thou of? what ayles my son?

*Ier.* O lord, father, and yee meane to be a liues man take  
some of this.

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Fer.* Why? this is deadly poyson vnprepar'd.

*Ier.* True, but it was prepar'd for you and mee by an excellent fellow, a french Doctor?

*Sist.* I, he is one that had great cure of you.

*Fer.* Villaine what was he? drinke not *Saxony*  
I doubt I am by treason poyson'd.

*Sarl.* Heauen keepe that fortune from my dread Lord.

*Enter Lorrrique hastily.*

*Lor.* Treason ye Princes, treason to the liues  
O *Ferdinand* the Duke of *Prussia*  
My Princely master! *Otho* of *Luningberg*

*Sarl.* Who should intend vs treason?

*Lor.* This fond Prince.

*Ier.* Neuer to you Father, but to my cozen *Charles*;  
indeede I meant to poyson him, but I haue pepprid my selfe.

*Sarl.* I neuer gaue thee cause.

*Sist.* That's nothing to the purpose, but my Lord tooke  
occasion by the counsell of a French Doctor.

*Sarl.* Physitians for the Duke, my vncle faints,

*Sist.* Surgeons for the Prince, my master falls.

*Fer.* Call no Physitians, for I feel't too late,  
The subrill poyson mingled with my blood  
'Nams all the passages, and nimble death  
Fleetes on his purple currents to my heart.

*Ier.* Father, I am dying too, oh now I departe,  
Be good to *Sist* my man, he was accessary  
to all this.

*Sist.* I truely: was I fir therefore I hope you'll be good  
to me, I helpt to mingle the poyson as the French Doctor,  
and my master charged me.

*Fer.* What's that French Doctor?

*Sarl.* What's become of him?

*Sist.* Wee left him in the court in my masters cham-

*Fer.*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*ber.*

*Ier.* I fir woe worth him, farewell *Stile*, farewell fathers  
I aske you pardon with repentant eyes;  
Fall itars, O *Stile*, for thus thy master dyes.

*MORTIMER*

*Fer.* Take hence that maytor for the foole his man.

*Stile.* I pray prouide for me fir;

*Fer.* Let him be tortur'd, then vpon a wheele  
broke like a traytor and a murderer.

*Stile.* O lord fir. I meant you noe hurt, but to Prince *Charles*

*Sarl.* Away, disturbe vs not with idle taike.

*Stile.* Prouide quoth a; and you call this prouiding, pray  
let mee, prouide for my selfe, alas my poore father, hee'e  
creepe vppon crutches into his graue when he heares his  
Proper't *Stile* is cut off by the stumpes.

*Fer.* Hence with that fellow.

*Stile.* Pray, not soe hasty, you would scarce bee  
see forward, and you were going as I am, to the gal-  
lowes.

*Exeunt guard with Stile.*

*Sarl.* How cheares my royall vncler

*Fer.* Like a ship that hauing long contended with  
The waues, is at last with one proud billow  
Smit into the ruthlesse swallow of the sea.  
For thee alas I perceiue this plot was layde;  
But heauen had greater mercy on thy youth,  
And one my people, that shall finde true rest  
Being with a Prince so wise and vertuous blest.  
Farewell most noble John of *Saxony*,  
Beare thy vnmarched griefe with a minde bent  
Against the force of all temptations;  
By my example Princely brother, see,  
How vaine our liues and all our glories bee.

*SAR.* God for thy mercy! treason vpon treason,

*How*



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

How now yong *Otho* what art thou poyson'd too?

*Sarl.* Would God I were, but my sad Starrs referue  
This simple building for extremer ruine:  
Oh that French doctor.

*Lov.* I that worst of hell.

Noe torment shall content vs in his death.

*Sax.* Nay soft and faire, let him be taken first;  
How now sad brother, are you come to see  
This Tragicke end of worthy *Ferdinand*?

*Enter Roderigo.*

*Rod.* I heard of it too soone, and come too late.

*Sax.* Well brother leaue the Duke, and waite on mee;  
*Mathias*, and the heartgrein'd *Lucibell*  
Shall goe with vs to *Wittenberg*, and shun  
That fatall land fill'd with destruction.

*Rod.* But *Lucibella* like a chased hinde  
Flys through the thickets, and neglects the briers,  
After her runs your Princely son *Mathias*,  
As much disturb'd, though not so much distract,  
Vowing to follow her, and if he can,  
Defend her from dispaireing actions.

*Sax.* And we will follow them, Prince *Otho* adue  
Care goes with vs, yet we leaue griefe with you,  
Interie your vncke, punish traytours crimes,  
Look to your person, these are dangerous times,

*Exit Saxony and Roderigo.*

*Sarl.* Lords take this body, beare it to the court,  
And all the way sound a sad heauy march,  
Which you may truly keepe, then peeple treade  
A mournfull march indeed,  
Goe on afore, ile stay a while, and weepe  
My tributary teares paid on the ground  
Where my true ioy your Princely vncke sell:



## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

He follow to drive from you all distresse  
And comfort you, though I be comfortles.  
Art not thou plumpt with laughter my *Lorrique*,  
*Exeunt with the body. A march.*

*Lor.* All this excellent, but worthy Lord,  
There is an accident this instant chanc'd  
Able to overthrow in one peere howre  
As well your hopes as these assurances.  
*Sarl.* Whats that *Lorrique*? what can fortune doe  
That may diuert my straine of policy.

*Lor.* You know all *Prussia* take you for the son  
Of beautilous *Martha*,

*Sarl.* I they suppose me to be *Orho* her son,  
And son to that false Duke whom I will kill  
Or curse my stars

*Lor.* His star is sunke already, death and he  
Have vowed an endlesse league of amity.

*Sarl.* Had I *Briareus* hands, I'de strue with heaven  
For executing wrath before the houre,  
But wishes are in vaine, hee's gone.

*Flourish.*

*Enter as many as may be spar'd, with lights, and make a lane  
kneeling while Martha the Dutcheffe like a mourner  
with her traine passeth through.*

*Mar.* Our son is somewhat slacke as wee conceiue  
By this delaying, while our heart is fear'd,  
And our eyes dim'd with expectation  
As are the lights of such as on the beach  
With many a longing, yet a little prooffe  
Stand wayting the returne of those they loue.

*Enter Lorrique, falls on's knees.*

*Lord.* His Excellence no doubt hath great affaires  
But his familiar friend *Lorrique* is come.

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Mar.* kneele not Lorraine, I prethee glad my hate  
With thy tongues true report of my son Otho  
Whome since his Princely Father is decea'd  
I am come from opprest with griefe  
In person to salute him for our Duke.

*Lor.* Your mother like affection, and high care,  
His Highnes doth returne with dutious thanks  
Desiring pardon of your excellence,  
In that he did not first salute your grace:  
But distastfull accidents and bloody deeds,  
Poysoning suggestions, doe disturb this state  
Chiefly this gentle mind since the late death  
Of your right princely brother *Ferdinand*  
That like the carefull Captaine of a band  
He is compeld to bee the last in field;  
Yet he protests by me, and I for him:  
That no soft rest shall enter his greiv'd eyes  
Till he behold your presence, more desir'd  
Then the large Empire of the wide earth;  
Onely he prays that you would take your rest  
For in your soft content his heart is blest.

*Mar.* Spread me a Carpet on the humble earth:  
My hand shall be the pillow to my head,  
This step my bolster, and this place my bed.

*Lor.* Your Highnes will take harnesse.

*Mar.* Nay, neuer feare.

A heart with sorrow filld sleepest any where,  
Will our son come to night?

*Lor.* Madam hee will.

*Mar.* See our traine lodgd, and then *Lorraine* attend  
For captaine of the guard; that wayt on vs,  
Goe all away, no body stay with mee  
Except our son, come if we chaunce to call,  
Trouble vs not, god night vnto you all.

*All with doing duty depart, and she sits downe hauing a candle by her, and reads.*

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Quo fugiat mortale genus? nil denique tutum est,*

*Cruelia nam mors omnia fasces secat?*

*Nil durum, nil non mortui penetrabile telus,*

*Omnia vi demit, mors viis nota sua.*

Tis true, the wise, the foole, the rich, the poore  
The fayre, and the deformed fall; their life turnes  
Ayre: the King and Captaine are in this alike  
None hath free hold of life, but they are still  
When death heauens steward comes, tennents at will.  
I lay me downe, and rest in thee my trust,  
If I wake neuer more, till all flesh rise  
I sleepe a happy sleepe, sin in me dyes.

*Enter Hoffman, and Lorrigue.*

*Hoff.* Art sure she is a sleepe!

*Lor.* I cannot tell, be not too hasty.

*Hoff.* She stirs not, shee is fast.

Sleepe sweet fayre Dutchesse, for thou sleep'st thy last:

Endymions loue, muffle in cloudes thy face,

And all ye yellow rapers of the heauen

Vayle your cleare brightnes in Cimerian mist mis;

Let not one light my blacke deed beautifie;

For with one stroake vertue and honour dyes.

And yet we must not kill her in this kind:

Weapons draw blood, blood shed will plainly prooue

The worthy Dutchesse, worthles of this death

Was murdered, and the guard are witnesses,

None enter'd but our selues.

*Lor.* Then strangle her, here is a towell fit.

*Hoff.* Good: kneele and helpe, compasse her necke about,

Alas poore Lady thou sleep'st here secure

And neuer dream'st of what thou shalt endure.

*Lor.* Nay, good my Lord dispatch.

*Hoff.* What ruthlesse hinde

Shall I wrong nature that did ne're compose

## The Tryaged of Hoffman.

One of her sexe so perfect? prethee stay,  
Suppose we kill her thus about her necke,  
Circles of purple blood will change the hue  
Of this white perphirie and the red lines  
Mixt with a deadly blacke, will tell the world  
She dyed by violence, then t'will be inquir'd  
And we held euer hatefull for the act.

*Lor.* Then place beneath her nostrils this small box  
Conteyning such a powder that hath power,  
Being set on fire to suffocate each sense  
Without the sight of wound, or shew of wrong.

*Hoff.* That's excellent, fetch fire, or doe not, stay:  
The candle shall suffice, yet that burnes dim;  
And drops his waxen teares as if it mourn'd  
To be an agent in a deed so darke.

*Lor.* Will you confound your selfe by dotage speake,  
S'wounds ile confound her, and shee linger thus.

*Hoff.* Thou wert as good, and better, — note my words:  
Run vnto the top of dreadfull scarre,  
And thence fall headlong on the vnder rocks,  
Or set thy brest against a cannon fir'd,  
When iron death flies thence on flaming wings,  
Or with thy shoulders, *Alas* like attempt,  
To beare the ruines of a falling tower,  
Or swim the Ocean; or run quicke to hell;  
(as dead assure thy selfe no better place)  
Then once looke frowning on this angells face  
Confound her? blacke confusion be my graue  
Whisper one such word more, thou dyest bafe slaue.

*Lor.* I haue done, ile honor her if you command.

*Hoff.* She stirs, and when she wakes obserue me well,  
Sooth vp what ere, I say, touching Prince *Otho*.

*Mar.* Prince *Otho*, is our son come? who's there *Lor-  
rique*?

*Lor.* What shall I answer her?

*Mar.* Whose that thou talkest with?

*Hoff.*

## The Tragedy of Hoffman!

*Hoff.* The most indebted seruant to your Grace  
Of any creature vnderneath the Moone.

*Mar.* I prethee friend be brieft, what is thy name?  
I know thee not, what businesse hast thou here?  
Art thou a messenger come from our son?  
If so acquaint vs with the newes thou bring'st.

*Hoff.* I saw your Highnes son, *Lorrique* here knowes,  
the last of any liuing.

*Mar.* Liuing? heauen helpe,  
I trust my son h'as no commerce with death.

*Hoff.* Your son noe doubt is well, in blessed state.

*Mar.* My heart is smitten through thy answer,  
*Lorrique*, where is thy gracious Lord?

*Lor.* In heauen I hope.

*Hoff.* True madam, he did perish in the wracke  
When he came first by sea from *Lubecke* hauen.

*Mar.* What false impostor then hath mock't my care?  
Abus'd my Princely brother *Ferdinand*?  
Gotten his Dukedome in my dead sons name?

*Hoff.* I grant him an impostor, therein false  
But when your Highnes heares the circumstance,  
I know your wisdome and mecke piety  
Will iudge him well deseruing in your eyes.

*Mar.* What can be sayd now I haue lost my son?  
Or how can this base two-tongu'd hypocrite  
Excuse concealing of his masters death.

• Vnhappy *Martha*, in thy age vndone,  
Robb'd of a husband, cheated of a son.

*Hoff.* Heare me with patience for that pitties sake  
You shewed my captiue body, by the teares  
You shed, when my poore father dragd to death  
Indur'd all violence at theyr hands:  
By all the mercies powrd on him and me  
That like coole rayne somewhat allayd the heate  
Of our sad torment, and red sufferings;  
Hear me but speake a little to repay

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

With gratitude the fauours I receiu'd.

*Mar.* Art thou the lucklesse son of that sad man  
Lord of Burtholme some time admirall?

*Hoff.* I was his onely son, whom you set free,  
Therefore submissiuely I kneele and craue,  
You would with patience heare your seruant speake;

*Mar.* Be briefe, my swolne heart is at poynt to breake.

*Hoff.* I stood vpon the top of the high scarre,  
Where I beheld the splitted ship let in  
Deuouring ruine in the shape of waues,  
Some got on Rafts, but were as soone cast off  
As they weare feared; many strid the main,  
But the seas working was soe violent,  
That nothing could preserue them from their fury,  
They did and were intombed in the deepe.

Except some two the surges washt a shore  
Prince *Charles* being one, who on *Lorriques* backe  
Hung with claspt hands, that neuer could vnfold,

*Mar.* Why not as well as he *Lorrique* doth liue,  
Or how was he found claspt vpon his backe  
Except he had had life to fold his hands.

*Hoff.* Madam, your Highnes errs in that conceite,  
For men that dye by drowning, in their death,  
Hold surely what they claspe, while they haue breath.

*Lor.* Well he held mee, and sunke me too.

*Hoff.* He wittnes, when I had recoverd him  
The Princes head being split against a Rocke  
Past all recouer, *Lorrique* in desperate rage,  
Sought kindry meanes to spoyle his new-gain'd life,  
Exclay ming for his master: cursing heauen,  
For being vniust to you, though not to him,  
For robbing you of comfort in your son  
Oh gracious Lady sayd this grieved man  
Could I but worke a meanes to cald me her grieue.  
Some reasonable course to keepe blacke care  
From her white bosome; I were happy then;

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

But knowing this, her heart will sinke with woe  
And I, am rankt with miserablest men,

*Lor.* I gods my witness, these were my laments,  
Till *Hoffman* being as willing, as my selfe;  
Did for his loue to you, that pittied him,  
Take on him to be cald by your sons name,  
Which now he must refuse except your Grace  
Accept his seruice in Prince *Orbo's* place,

*Mar.* If this that you protest be true, your care  
Was like a long reprieue, the date worne out;  
The execution of my woe is come,  
And I must suffer it with patience:

Where haue you layd the body of my son?

*Hoff.* Within the chappell of an hermitage,  
Some halfe a myle hence.

*Mar.* Ile build mee there a Cell,  
Made like a tombe, till death, therein ile dwell:  
Yet for thy wrongs yong man attend my words  
Succ neyther *Ferdinand*, nor *Saxony*,  
Haue any heires, to sway their seuerall states;  
Ile worke what lies in me to make thee Duke,  
And since thou art accepted for my son,  
Attempting it onely to doe me good  
I here adopt thee: myne christen thee *Orbo*,  
Mine eyes are now the font, the water teares,  
That doe baptize thee in thy borrowed name.

*Hoff.* I thanke your Highnes, and of iust heauen craue  
The ground I wrong you in, may turne my graue.

*Mar.* Lights to our chamber, now our feares are past,  
What we long doubted, is prou'd true at last.  
Attend vs sonne.

*Exeunt Martha and Lorrique.*

*Hoff.* Wee'l wait vpon your Grace.  
Son, this is somew hat, this will beare the eyes  
Of the rude vulgar, but this serues not me;  
Duke domes I will haue them my sword shall win,



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

If any interposer crosse my will,  
But new made mother, ther's another fire  
Burnes in this liuer lust, and hot desire,  
which you must quench; must? I and shall; I know  
Women will like how euer they say noe;  
And since my heart is knit vnto her eyes  
If she, being sanctimonious, hate my suit,  
In loue this counseile take, if she denie;  
Force her: true, soe: *si non blandiris, vi.*

*Exit.*

### *Actus quintus.*

*Enter Saxony, Rodrique, Mathias: generally.*

*Mat.* Haue you not found her yet?

*Sax.* Not I,

*Rod.* Nor I.

*Mat.* Then I beleecue borne by her fits of rage  
She ha's done violence to her bright fame,  
And falne vpon the bosome of the Balt.

*Sax.* What reason leads yee to beleecue it, son?

*Mat.* I did perceiue her some halfe houre since  
Clambring vpon the steepenes of the rocke,  
But whether vp or downe I could not guesse  
By reason of the distance.

*Enter Lucibella with rich clothes,*

*Rod.* Stand aside, she comes, let her not scape vs now.

*Sax.* What has shee got apparrell? I and rich,  
Poore soule, shee in her idle lunacy  
Hathooke it from some house wheret'will be mist.

*Mat.* Lets circle her about, least spying vs  
She run away with wonted nimblencesse,

*Fairest*



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Fayrest well met.

*Lnc.* Well ouertaken sir.

*Sax.* What haue ye here?

*Lnc.* And you too heartely.

*Red.* I am sure you know.

*Lnc.* Why that's well, I like that, that you are well  
and you, and you : god buye.

*Sax.* Nay, nay you must not goe, wee'l hold you now.

*Lnc.* Why that's well, done, Pray come, see my house  
I haue a fine house now, and goodly knacks  
And gay apparrell; looke ye here, this is braue;  
And two leane porters staru'd for lacke of meat,  
Pray let goe mine armes, looke here they bee.

*Om.* Oh horrid sight!

*Lnc.* Nay, neuer start I pray; is it not like I keepe  
A princely house, when I haue such fat porters at my gate;

*Sax.* What should this meane? why in this wood  
So thicke, so solitary, and remote

From common road of men, should these hang thus;

Brother your Hermitage is not far hence,

When knew you any execution here?

*Red.* I neuer knew any, and these bones are greene;

This lesse anatomy hath not hung long

The bigger, by the mosse and drynes seemes

Of more continuance.

*Mit.* What's on there heads?

*Lnc.* why golden Crownes, my porters shall bee Kings;

And hidethere barebones with these gay weeds,

*Sax.* I doe remember the Admirall

*Hoffman*, that kept the Iland of Burtholme

Was by the Duke of *Prussia* ad iudg'd

To haue his head fear'd with a burning crowne;

And after made a bare Anatomy,

Which by his son was from the gallowes stolne;

*Lnc.* I, that same son of his, but where liues he

*Sax.* No doubt, he doth possesse some caue hard by.

## The Tragedy of Hoffman;

*Luc.* Come, goe with me, ile shew you where he dwels,  
Or some body; I know not who it is;  
Here, looke, looke here, here is a way goes downe,  
Downe, downe a downe, hey downe, downe.  
I sing that song, while *Lodowicke* slept with me.

*Rod.* This is some Caue, let's boldly enter in,  
And learne the mistery of that sad sight,  
Come Lady, guide vs in, you know the way.

*Luc.* True, thats the way, you cannot misse the path;  
The way to death and black destruction  
Is the wide way; no body is now at home,  
Or tany, peraduenture here comes some will tell you more.

*Enter Martha, and Lorrigue;*

*Mar.* Stand close, this is *Lorrigue*, I doe not know the  
Lady comes with him.

*Sax.* I ha' seene that countenance.

*Rod.* Stand close, I pray, my heart diuines,  
Some strange and horrid act will be reueald. (me so

*Luc.* Nay that's most true, a fellow with a red cap told  
And bad me keepe these cloathes, and giue them  
To a faire Lady in a mourning gowne;  
Let goe my armes; I will not run away  
I thanke you now, now you shall see mee stay,  
By my troth I will, by my inaidenticad I will.

*Mar. Lorrigue* returne into the beaten path,  
I ask't thee for a solitary plot,  
And thou hast brought me to the dismal'st groue  
That euer eye beheld, noe woodnymphes here  
Seeke with their agill steps to outstrip the Roe,  
Nor doth the sunsucke from the queachy plot  
The ranknes and the venom of the Earth  
It seemes frequentlesse for the vse of men:  
Some basiliskes, or poysonous serpents den!

*Lora*



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

Whether young *Hoffman* did the most he might  
to save my son.

*Lor.* By heaven it seemes hee did, but all was vaine  
The stinty rockes had cut his tender scull,  
And the rough water wash't away his braine.

*Luc.* Lye, lye, licke dish.

*Mar.* How now what woman's this? what men are these?

*Luc.* Apooore mayden mistris, ha's a suite to you,  
And 'tis a good suite, very good apparrell.

*Loe, heere I come awoing my ding, ding,*

*Loe, heere we come a suing, my darling,*

*Loe, heere I come a praying, to bicaa, bidea,*

How doe you Lady, well I thanke God, will you buy  
a bargaine pray, it's fine apparrell.

*Mar.* Run my liues blood, comfort my troubled heart,  
That trembles at the sight of this attire:

*Lorrique,* looke on them, knowest thou not these clothes?  
Nor the distracted bringer? prethee speake.

*Lor.* Ay me, accurst and damn'd; I know them both;  
The bringer is the *Austrian Lucibella*

*Luc.* I, you say true, I am the very same,

*Lor.* The apparrell was my Lords, your Princely son's.

*Mar.* This is not sea wet, if my son were drown'd  
Then why thus dry is his apparrell found?

*Lor.* O me accurst, o miserable me?

Fall heaven, and hide my shame, gape earth, rise sea,  
Swallow, orewhelme me, wherefore should I liue,  
The most perfidious wretch that euer breath'd,  
And base consenter to my deare Lords death.

*Luc.* Nay, looke you heere, do you see these poore star'd  
ghosts; can you tell whose they be?

*Mar.* Alas! what are they? what are you that seeme  
In ciuill habits to hide ruthlesse hearts;

*Lorrique,* what are they? what wilt thou attempt?

Helpe

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Helpe Gentlemen, if yee be Gentlemen,  
And stay this fellow from displaying ill.

*Lor.* I was ordain'd vnto perdition, stay me not;  
For when yee know the mischiefes I haue done,  
(at least, consented to, through coward feare)  
You would not stop me, if I skipt in quicke  
To that blacke, bottomlesse and ruthlesse, gulph,  
Where euermlasting forrowes like linkt chaynes  
Fetter the wretched in eternall night.

*Mar.* what hast thou done?

*Luc.* Knauery I warrant you, tell truth and shame the  
Diuell my boy, doe, and thou shalt haue a fine thing by and  
by.

*Sax.* I take your Highnes for that reuerend Dutches  
Late wife vnto the Duke of *Prussia*.

*Mar.* I am the wretched childlesse widdow sir.

*Lor.* Princess heare me, and I will briefly tell  
How you came childlesse, you brotherlesse,  
You husbandlesse, and fatherlesse, all, all,  
Ile tell you, hauing ended, act my fall.

*Mat.* Well, forward;

*Lor.* Be it soe, I haue deseru'd a greater cruelty,  
To bee kept liuing when I long to dye.

*Mar.* I charge thee setting by all circumstance,  
Thou vtter what thou knowest: my heart is Steele,  
Nor can it suffer more then it doth feele.

*Lor.* Then thus, Prince *Charles* and I escap't the wracke,  
Came safe a shore to this accursed plot,  
Where we met *Hoffman*, who vpon yon tree  
Preferu'd his fathers bare anatomy,  
The biggest of them two were those strong bones  
That acted mighty deeds.

*Hoffman* the son full of reuenge and hate,  
'Gainst euery hand that wrought his fathers hurt,  
Yet gilded ore his ennie with faire shewes,  
And entertain'd vs with as friendly termes

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

As falshood could inuent; and 'tis well knowne:  
Bitter deceit vseth the sweetest speech.  
At length he tooke aduantage, bound my Lord,  
And in a chayne tyed him to yonder rocke,  
While with a burning Crowne he seard in twaine  
The purple Veynes, strong sinewes, arteries, uerues,  
And euerie cartilage about the head,  
In which sad torment the mild Prince fell dead.

*Mar.* Did *Hoffman* this? and thou conceal'st the deed?

*Lor.* Pardon my feare, Dread Madam.

*Mar.* well, goe on, I am confident to heare all cruelty,  
And am resolu'd to act some, if noe hand  
Will else attempt the murderers end, but mine.

*Lor.* Be patient; you will finde associates:  
For there are many murderers more behinde.

*Mar.* what did hee with the body of my son?

*Lor.* Buried the flesh, the bones are they that hang  
Close by his fathers.

*Mar.* Let them hang a while  
Hope of reuenge in wrath doth make mee smile.

*Luc.* Pray let him tell the iest.

*Lor.* This asted, *Hoffman* forc't me to conceale  
The murder of my Lord, and threatned more  
Then death by many torments, till I swore  
To call him *Otho*, and say he was your son:  
I swore and kept my oath.

*Rod.* O Heauen.

*Sax.* O Diuell.

*Luc.* Nay I pray you peace.

*Lor.* Then sent he me for you, and you he sent,  
Or as I best remember, lead you on  
Vnto the Chappell porch, where hee him selfe  
Appointed them to stay, and there you know  
What hapned in your wrath.

*Luc.* To me a sleepe,  
And to my harmelesse *Lodowick* in my armes,

*Mar.*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Mat.* On on, that deed is writ among the acts of guilt;  
A brothers sword a brothers life blood spilt.

*Sax.* Proceed, what's next? kild he not *Anstria*?

*Lor.* He did.

*Luc.* O villaine did he kill my Father?  
And make my brother kill my husband too?

*Sax.* Goe forward.

*Lor.* After all those hated murders  
He taught the foolish prince in the disguise  
Of a French Doctor to prepare a poyson,  
Which was the death of Princely *Ferdinand*;  
Next plot hee purpos'd your graces death,  
And had opposd my strength of my teares,  
You had bin murder'd as you lay a sleepe.

*Sax.* Let's heare no more, seeke out the hated wretch,  
And with due torture let his life be forc'd  
From his despised body.

*Rad.* Doe I pray.

*Sax.* All the Land will helpe,  
And each man be a iustice in this act.

*Mar.* Well, I that neuer knew reuenges power,  
Hau'e entertain'd her newly in my brest;  
Determine what's to doe. (*wick a sleepe*)

*Luc.* Euen what you will; would I were with my *Lode-*  
In the Elizian fieldes, where no feares dwell;  
For earth appeares as vile to me as hell.

*Lor.* Let me be Prologue to your scene of wrath,  
And as the Romane Cateline resolu'd  
His doubtfull followers by exhausting blood  
From the liue body, so draw mine, cast mine  
Vpon the troubled and offended earth;  
Offer blood fit for an infernall sacrifice,  
Wine is not powr'd but on celestiaall offerings:  
Therefore I aduise you  
As you hope to thrine in your reuenge, smite me.

*That*



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

That haue bin pander to this iniury.

*Mar.* Thou merit'st death indeede.

*Mat.* Stay iudge him not, let me a little plead in his excuse,  
And this one sentence serues ; a man aompel'd  
To euill acts, cannot be iustly held  
A wilfull malefactor ; the law still  
Lookes vpon the deede, ne're on the will :  
Besides although I grant the matter small  
And very safe to rayse a multitude,  
That by their power might ceaze the murderer,  
Yet two especiall reasons crosse that course:  
First : many hauing notice of our plot,  
One babling tongue may vtter our intent,  
And *Hoffman* being warn'd is surely arm'd  
Hauing the fort and treasure in his powre,  
And be his cause more then notorious ill,  
He may with gold maintaine it at his will  
Scape vs, for no doubt hee's full of sleights:  
Betides, Reuenge should haue proportion,  
By flye deceit he acted euery wronge,  
And by deceit I would haue him intrapt ;  
Then the reuenge were fit, iust, and square,  
And t'would more vex him that is all compos'd  
Of craft and subtilty to be outstript  
In his owne fashion, then a hundred deaths.  
Therefore by my aduice pardon *Lorrique*  
Vpon condition, that he lay some plot  
To intercept the other.

*Om.* We are agreeede.

*Lor.* Your mercy doth all bounds of hope exceed,  
And if you will repose that trust in me,  
By all the protestations truth can make,  
Before the Sun haue run his mid-dayes course,  
I will to morrow yeeld him to your handes.

*Sax.* Shew vs the meanes.



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Lor.* The meanes is in the Dutchesse pollicy.  
If she can smooth the murder but a while.

*Mar.* He turn deceit to ouerthrow his fraud.

*Lor.* Then with faire words his flatteries entertayne,  
And when he doth importune you for loue,  
Desire him first to shew you the first place,  
Where he beheld Prince *Charles* after the wracke  
Say you haue earnestly entreated me,  
But I haue lead you in a labyrinth  
Of noe effect; he full of heate and lust,  
Glad of occasion will no doubt alone  
Conduct you to this fatall horrid caue,  
Thi King by force, or fayre meanes, to attaine  
His faile hearts longing, and your honors stayne;  
But being in the height of his base pride,  
The Duke, the Helmet, *Lodowick*, and my selfe,  
Will change his pleasures into wretched  
And redeemelesse misery.

*Sax.* The plot is good, Madam, are you agreed?

*Mar.* To any thing how euer desperate.

*Luc.* I but by your leave, Lady, and Lords all, what if  
This knaue that has bin play the knaue still,  
And tell tales out of schoole; how then?

*Lor.* I know not what to sweare by; but noe soule  
Longs for the sight of endlesse happinesse,  
With more desire, then mine thrusts for his death:  
By all the gods that shall giue ill men life,  
I am resolu'd chiefe agent in his end.

*Mar.* We credit thee, ioyne hands, and ring him round,  
Kneele, on his head lay our right hands, and sweare  
Vengeance against *Hoffman*.

*Om.* Vengeance, vengeance, fall  
On him, or suddaine death vpon vs all.

*Sax.* Come, part, we to the caue,  
You to the Court:  
Iustice dig murders graue.

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Exit Lorrique and Martha.*

*Lord.* Nay, he come, my wits are mine agen  
Now faith growes firme to punish faithlesse men.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hoffman, and all the traine that attended  
the Dutchesse first.*

*Hoff.* Not to be found? hell which way is she gon?

*Lord.* Her Highnes charg'd vs to call you her son,  
The mistery we know not, but we know,  
You are not Princely *Otho* of Luningberg.

*Hoff.* Noe matter what I am; tell me the way she went  
With that *Lorrique*; speake, or by heauen  
Hell shall receiue you all.

*Enter Martha, And Lorrique.*

*Lord.* Be not in rag'd she comes,  
And with her comes trusty *Lorrique*.

*Hoff.* Madam, I fear'd you, and my heart was sicke,  
With doubt some ouer-desperate accident  
Had drawne you to the melancholy pathes,  
That lye within the verge of this rough scarre.

*Mar.* Your doubt was but an Embrio; I indeed  
Desir'd *Lorrique* to bring me to the place  
Where you beheld the shipwracke of my son;  
And he hath led me vp and downe the wood,  
But neuer brought me to the fatall beach,

*Hoff.* It were not fit you should see the sad place,  
That still seemes dismall since the Princes death.

*Lord.* Dead? is our soueraigne Lord the Prince dead?

*Mar.* Inquire no more of that, I will anon  
Resolue you of his fate, this time forbear,  
Esteeme this gentleman your Lord and Prince.

*Lord*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Lor.* Wee hold him soe, sith you command vs so.

*Hoff.* Will you goe forward, Madam? ( *morrow*

*Mar.* Willingly, soe you will promise mee to walke to  
And see the Earth that gently did receiue  
My sons wrack't body from the churlish some.

*Hoff.* He wayt vpon your Grace, set forward there,  
Trickes, and deuices ! longings I well 'tis good :  
He swim to my desires, through seas of blood.

*Exeunt.*

*Lor.* Fox you'l be taken, hunter you are false  
Into the pit you dig'd; I laugh to see  
How I out-strip the Prince of villany.

*Hoffman* for me told such a smoothing tale,  
That had not this strange accident betaine  
In finding of the caue; I had bin held  
More deere then ener, in the Dutchesse eyes:  
But now shee'l hold me hard, what ere she say,  
Yet is her word past that shee'l pardon me,  
And I haue wealth hoord'd vp which ile beare  
To some strange place: rich men liue any where.

*Enter Hoffman.*

*Hoff.* What? are you gadding sir? what mooues your flight?  
Coyned not excuses in your crouching come,  
What cause haue you to flee and seeke strange hoords  
For your wealth gotten by my liberall gift?

*Lor.* And my desert, my Lord.

*Hoff.* Well be it your desert;

But what's the cause you'l flye this country?

*Lor.* As I liue, my Lord, I haue noe such intent;  
But with your leaue, I was debating things,  
As if it should chauce thus, and thus, why then  
'Twere better be far of, but otherwise  
My loue, and life, low at your seruice lye.

*Hoff.* You are a villaine damn'd as low as hell;  
An hypocrite, a sawning hypocrite:

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

I know thy heart, come Spaniell vp, arise,  
And thinke not with your antickes and your lies  
To goe beyond mee, you haue play'd the slaue,  
Betrayd me to the Dutchesse, to d her all,  
Disappointing all my hopes with your base tongue,  
O'errund the height of my intendments,  
For which I haue thee from my mountaine wracke,  
Into the lowest Cauerne of pale death.

*Lor.* Alas my Lord for beare, let me be heard.

*Hoff.* Thou hast betrayd me, therefore neuer talke.

*Lor.* By heauen —

*Hoff.* O hell! why should'st thou thinke on heauen.

*Lor.* Stay, and belecue me, thinke you I am mad,  
Soe great a foe to my owne happy chaunce,  
When things are sorted to so good an end,  
That all is had, and we held in regard:  
After such horrid, and perfidious acts,  
Now to betray my selfe; be reasonable,  
And thinke how shallow such an act would seeme  
In me, chiefe agent in so many ills.

*Hoff.* Thou hast a tongue as glib and smooth to lyes,  
As full of false inuentions, and base fraud,  
As prone to circumuent beleeuing soules,  
As euer heretique or traytor vsd,  
Whose speeches are as hony, their acts gall,  
Their words rayse vp, but their hands ruine all.

*Lor.* By vertues glorious soule.

*Hoff.* Blasphemer peace, sweare not by that thou hat'st;  
Vertue, and thou haue no more sympathie,  
Then day with night, Heauen with Hell.  
Thou knowest, I know thy Villanyes excell

*Lor.* Why then by villany, by blood, by sleights,  
By all the horrors tortures can present,  
By Hell, and by reuenges purple hand  
The Dutchesse had no conference with me,

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

But onely a desire to see the place  
That first receiu'd her son, whom she beleeueth  
The vnrelenting waues and flinty rocks,  
Had seuer'd from sweet life after the wracke.

*Hoff.* May I beleue thee ?

*Lor.* Haue I sayd you yet ?

Measure my former acts, and you shall find  
My soule allyed to yours, wholly estrang'd  
From all I euer lou'd.

*Hoff.* Noe more, haue done.

Tha't won me to continue thee my friend;  
But I can tell thee somewhat troubles me,  
Some dreadfull misaduenture my soule doubts,  
And I conceiue it with noe common thought,  
But a most potent apprehension;  
For it confounds imaginary sence,  
Sometimes inflames my blood, another while  
Nums all the Currents that should comfort life,  
And I remayne as 'twere a senceles stone.

*Lor.* Come, come, I know the cause, you are in loue,  
And to be soe, is to be any thing.

Doe you not loue the Dutchesse ?

*Hoff.* Yes, I doe.

*Lor.* Why there's the matter, then, be rul'd by me,  
To morrow morning she desires to see  
The shore, that first receiu'd her sea-wrackt son,  
And to be vnaccompanied she loues;  
Except some one or two, you and I:  
Now when you haue her neare your dismal I caue,  
Force her, I dot man, make no scruple do't,  
Else you shall neuer win her to your bed:  
Doe a mans part, please her before she goe,  
Or if you see, that she turnes violent,  
Shut her perpetuall prisoner in that den;  
Make her a Philomel, proue Tereus:  
Do't, neuer feare it.

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

*Hoff.* Why she will be mist.

*Lor.* By whom? by fooles, grosse, dull, thicke sighted fooles,  
whom every mist can blinde, I le sweay them all,  
With exclamation that the grieved Durtchesse  
when she beheld the sea that drown'd her son,  
Stood for a while like weeping *Niobe*,  
As if she had bin stone: and when we firu'd  
With mi-deperuasions to make lesse her woe  
She madd: then the wife of *Atbanas*  
Leap't suddenly into the troubled sea,  
Whose surges greedy of soe rich a prey,  
Swalow'd her vp, while we in vaine exclaym'd  
'Gain't Heauen and hell, 'gainst fortune and her fate.

*Hoff.* Oh my good villaine I how I hug thy plots,  
This shall be done, shee's mine: run swifte flow houres,  
Make a short night hasten on day apace,  
Rough armes waxe soft beauty to embrace.

*Lor.* Why soe, now your feare will quickly end,

*Hoff.* Thou wilt not talke of this?

*Lor.* Will I be hang'd?

Nee'r take me for a blab, you'll finde me none.

*Hoff.* I haue a nother secret, but ———

*Lor.* Come what ist? come, this brest is yours,  
My heart's your treasury.

*Hoff.* Thou must be secret, 'tis a thing of weight  
concernes thee neere.

*Lor.* Were it as neere as life, come, pray speake.

*Hoff.* Hearke in thine eare, I would not haue the ayre  
Be priuy to this purpose, wilt thou sweare?

*Lor.* What? to bee secret? if the least iot I tell  
Let all my hopes sinke suddenly to hell.

*Hoff.* Thou hast thy wish, downe villaine, keepe this close.

*Lor.* Vnthankfull murderer, is this my meede?  
Oh slave, tha'st kild thy heart in wounding mine,  
This is my day, to morrow shall be thine.

*Hoff.* Goe foole, now thou art dead, I neede not feare.

Yet

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

Yet as thou wert my seruant iust and true,  
He hide thee in the ditch: giue dogs there due,  
He that will proue a mercenary slaue  
To murder, seldom findes foe good a grate,  
Hee's gone, I can now spare him, *Lorrique* farewell;  
Commend me to our friends thou meet'st in hell:  
Next plot for *Mathias* and *Old Saxony*,  
There ends shall finish our blacke tragedy.

*Exit.*

*Enter Saxony, and Mathias.*

*Sax.* How little care had we to let her scape,  
Especially on this so needfull time,  
When we are vowed to wayt vpon reuenge.

*Mat.* Noe doubt our vncles care will keepe her safe,  
Nor is she in her fits so violent  
As she was wont, looke where my  
Vncle comes, sustayning with one hand  
A dying man, and one the other side,  
Fayre *Lucibell* supports the fainting body.

*Enter Rodorique, and Lucibell leading Lorrique.*

*Luc.* Looke you here, you maruail'd why I went,  
Why this man drew me vnto him, can you helpe  
Him now. *Hoffman* has hought him too.

*Sax.* Brother who ist you bring thus ashe pale;  
Ist not *Lorrique*;

*Lor.* I am, and 'tis in vayne to strue for longer hope.  
I cannot, onely be prouident; I greatly feare  
The murderous traytor out of incere suspect  
Will plot some stratagem against the life  
Of the chaste Dutchesse, help her what you can,  
Against the violence of that wicked man.

*Rod.* Hast thou not told him, what we doe intend?

*Lor.*

*The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Lon.* Noe, as heauen help mee in my wretched end, 8  
Be confident of that, now I must fall  
Neuer agen to life, you know his wrongs:  
Be careful Princes to reuenge them all.

*Luc.* Well, farewell fellow, thou art now paid home  
For all thy counselling in knaury,  
Good Lord! what very fooles are very knaues!  
There cunning bodies often want due graues.

*Sax.* Son, daughter, brother, follow my aduice,  
Let vs noe longer keepe this hatefull plot,  
Least we be encummented.

*Rod.* True, 'tis to put on open armes.

*Mar.* Tis now too late, we are beset  
With souldiers, we must fight, and since it must be,  
Let's to't valiantly.

*Enter Dutchesse: Lord, with souldiers.*

*Lord.* Princes prepare not to resist your foes,  
We are as true as life vnto your blood.  
The Dutchesse *Martha* grieues old *Saxony*,  
Prince *Mathias*, *Redwick*, and fayre *Lucibell*:  
To me she hath discouer'd the damnd plots  
Of that perfidious *Hoffman*, and hath sent  
These armed souldiers, to attend on you.

*Sax.* We thanke her Highnes, but we thinke in vaine  
Both you and we attend; *Lorrique* ly'es slaine  
By *Hoffmans* slye suspicion; best be ioyn'd  
To apprehend him publicuely.

*Lord.* There is noneed, our Dutchesse hath apparel'd  
Her speech in a greene livery,  
She salutes him faire, but her heart  
Like his actions, is attir'd  
In red, and blew, and fable ornaments.

*Sax.* But tell vs where they are?

*Lord.* At hand she comes, with him alone her plot is,  
*sh*



## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

She comes in happy time for all your good.

*Mar.* Cease words, vse deedes

Reuenge drawes nigh.

*Sax.* Come fet his body like a scarerow,

This bush shroud you, this you,

Stand close true souldiers, for reuenge.

*Luc.* I : doe, doe, doe, I pray you heartely doe,  
stand close.

*Enter Hoffman and Dutcheffe.*

*Hoff.* I wonder much why you aske me for *Lorrique*,

What is *Lorrique* to you, or what to me?

I tell you he is damn'd, enquire no more,

His name's hatefuller then death.

*Mar.* Heauen! what alterations these!

Can I belecue you loue mee as you swore,

When you are so inconstant to your friend?

*Hoff.* He is noe friend of mine whom you affect,

Pardon me Madam, such a fury raignes

ouer my boyling blood, that I enuy

Any one on whom you cast anamorous eye.

*Mar.* What growne so louing? marry heauen defend,

Wee shall deceiue you if you dote on vs,

For I haue sworne to lead a widdowes life,

And neuer more to be tearm'd married wife.

*Hoff.* I, but you must.

*Mar.* Must? vse not force, I pray.

*Hoff.* Yeild to my loue, and then with meekest words

And the most humble actions, ile intreat

Your sacred beauty; deny me? ile turne fire,

More wild then wrath, come then agree,

If not to marry, yet in vnsceine sports

To quench these Lawlesse heates that burne in me.

*Mar.* What my adopted son become my louer?

And make a wanton minion of his mother?

Now sic vpon you sic y' are too obseane

## The Tragedy of Hoffman.

I like your words, your thoughts appeare vncleane.

*Hoff.* By heauen I doe not icast, goe to, belieue me,  
'Tis well you laugh; smile on, I like this:  
Say, will; ou yeild?

*Mar.* At the first ?sie noe.  
That were an abiect cour'se, but let vs walke  
Intosome couert, there are pretty caues,  
Lucky to louers: suites, for Virgil sings;  
That Di'o being driuen by a sharpe storme  
Into a Lybian caue, was there intic'd  
By siluer-tongu'd *Aeneas* to affect;  
And should you serue me soe, I were vndone,  
Disgrac'd in *Germany* by euery Boore,  
Who in their rymes woud iest at *Marthas* name  
Calling her mynion to her cozen son.

*Hoff.* Sayre then *Dido*, or loues amorous Queene;  
I know a caue, wherein the bright dayes eyes  
Look't neuer but a skance through a small creeke,  
Or little cranny of the fretted scarre;  
There I haue sometimes liu'd, there are fit scates,  
To sit and chat, and coll, and kisse, and steale  
Lones hidden pleasures, come, are you dispos'd  
To venter entrance? if you be, assay,  
'Tis death to quicke desire, vse no delay.

*Mar.* Vertue and modesty bids me say noe,  
Yet trust me *Hoffman* tha't so sweet a man,  
And so belou'd of me, that I must goe.

*Hoff.* I am crown'd the King of pleasure.

*Mar.* Hate full slaue, thou goest to meete destruction  
in thy caue.

*Hoff.* S'death who stands here?  
What's that? *Lorriques* pale ghost?

I am amaz'd: nay slaue stand of:

Thy weapons sure, the prize is ours.

*Mar.* Come forth deere friends, murder is in our powers

*Sav.* Yeild thee, base son of shame.

*Hoff.*

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

*Hoff.* How now whats here? am I betrayd?

By dotage, by the falshood of a face?

Oh wretched foole false by a womans hand

From high reuenges spheare, the blisse of soules.

*Sax.* Cut out the murderers tongue.

*Hoff.* What doe you meane?

Whom haue I murder'd; wherefore bind yee me;

*Mar.* They are Iustices to punish thy bare bones,  
Looke with thy blood-shed eyes on these bare bones,

And tell me that which dead Lorraine confest

Who ist thou villaind that least? who wast?

*Hoff.* Why O thou thy sons, and that's my fathers by him.

*Mar.* O merciesse and cruell murderer

To leaue me childlesse.

*Inc.* And mee husbandlesse.

*Mar.* Me brotherlesse. oh smooth tongu'd hypocrite  
How thou didst draw me to my brothers death.

*Sax.* Talke nne more to him, he seekes dignity,  
Reason he should receaue his desperate hire,  
And weare his crowne made flaming hot with fire:  
Bring forth the burning crowne there.

*Enter a Lord with the Crowne*

*Hoff.* Doe old dog, thou helpest to worry my dead Father

And must thou kill me too? 'tis well, 'tis fit,

What had sworne vnto my fathers soule

To be reueng'd on *Austria, Saxony,*

*Prussia, Lunenburg,* and all there heires:

Had prosper'd in the downefall of some fine;

Had onely three to offer to the fiends,

And then must fall in loue; oh wretched eyes

That haue betray'd my heart; bee you accurst;

And as the melting drops run from my brows,

Soe fall they on the strings that guide your heart

Whereby their oyle heat may cracke them first,

I, soe, boyle on thou foolish idle braine,

For giuing entertainment to loues thoughts.

## *The Tragedy of Hoffman.*

A man resolu'd in blood, bound by a vow  
For noe lesse vengeance, then his fathers death,  
Yet become amorous of his foes wife!  
Oh sin against all conceit! worthy this shame  
And all the tortures that the world can name.

*Mar.* Call vpon heauen, base wretch, thinke on thy soule.

*Hoff.* In charity and prayer  
To no purpose without charity.

*Sax.* We pardon thee, and pray for thy soules health.

*Hoff.* Soe doe not I for yours, nor pardon you;  
You kild my father, my most warlike father,  
Thus as you deale by me, you did by him;  
But I deserue it that haue slackt reuenge  
Through fickle beauty, and a wemans fraud;  
But Hell the hope of all dispayring men,  
That wring the poore, and eate the people vp,  
As greedy beaasts the haruest of their spring:  
That Hell, where cowards haue their seats prepar'd,  
And barbarous asses, such as haue rob'd fouldiers of  
Reward, and punish true desert with scorn'd death.

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*F F N F S.*

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